McKean County Miner.

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THE WAR COMMENCED MONDAY

By Unexpected Night Attack at Port Arthur.

JAPS SURPRISE RUSSIANS

And Score a Big Victory by Crippling Several Warships and Bombarding Forts.

RUSSIA LOSES 11 SHIPS, JAPS NONE

Japs Capture 2,000 Soldiers—Other Battle Reports—Sympathy is Divided—We are to be Neutral.

War between Russia and Japan is now on in earnest and the prospects are very strong of a long and bitter fight before the Manchurian difficulty is settled. The first guns were fired by the Japanese and in the first battle they won quite a victory.

Early Tuesday morning a Japanese squadron, consisting of about 15 boats, including battleships, cruisers and torpedo boats, attacked the Russian squadron stationed near Port Arthur and a hot fight, lasting several hours, ensued. The Russians returned the fire from their battleships and also from the fort, but their shots did little damage, while the Japs seemed to use better judgment and did great damage both to the fleet and the forts. The torpedo boats of the Japs did the greatest damage and when the fighting ended by the Japanese sailing out of range six or seven of the Russian boats were disabled, ten men were killed and 45 were wounded. No particular damage or losses were reported on the Japanese side.

In the above fight the Russians report that two of their boats, the battleship Petrova and the cruiser Novik, were each disabled by having holes knocked in them below the water line, the forts slightly damaged and the loss of men about the same as reported above. However, later advices show that the Japanese report was correct.

A dispatch from Tokio, Feb. 9, reports that the Japanese fleet engaged and defeated two Russian warships off Chemulpo Tuesday morning.

A dispatch has been received stating that the Japs captured three transports on Tuesday and made 2,000 Russian soldiers prisoners.

By their night attack on the Russian fleet at Port Arthur before a formal declaration of war has been made Japan has lost the sympathy of many who were friendly toward them because of their weakness as compared with Russia. However some think they were justified in doing this. Japan claims that the first act of hostilities was committed by the Russian gunboat Korietz which fired on a Japanese torpedo boat Monday evening.

A summary of the losses sustained by Russia in the first 24 hours of the war with Japan show that 11 Russian warships were placed out of action in one way or another and that the Japanese did not lose a ship.

The losses were as follows:

1—Battleship Retvizin, torpedoed and beached, at Port Arthur.

2—Battleship Cesarevitch, torpedoed and beached, at Port Arthur.

3—Battleship Poltava, hole below waterline, at Port Arthur.

4—Armored cruiser Boyarin, disabled by Japanese fire, at Port Arthur.

5—Cruiser Pollada, torpedoed at Port Arthur and beached.

6—Cruiser Novik, hole below waterline, at Port Arthur.

7—Cruiser Askold, hole below waterline, at Port Arthur.

8—Cruiser Diana, hole below waterline, at Port Arthur.

9—First-class gun vessel Korietz, destroyed at Chemulpo, Corea.

10—Torpedo gun vessel Lorietz, destroyed at Chemulpo, Corea.

11—Gunboat Mandju, said to have been seized by the Japanese at Nagasaki, Japan. Another report, however says the Mandju is at Shanghai.

The Japanese fleet engaged seems to have consisted of two divisions, under Admiral Kamimura, on the flagship Idzumo (armored cruiser) and Vice-Admiral Togo, on the flagship Asahi (battleship).

The Japanese vessels engaged were apparently in addition to the Idzumo and Asahi, the battleship Fuji, the cruiser Oshima, the battleship Shikishim, the battleship Hatsuse, the armored cruiser Yakumo, the armored cruiser Asama, the armored cruiser Iwate, the cruiser Chitose, the cruiser Kasagi, the cruiser Takasago, and the torpedo gunboat Yoshino.

WE STAND NEUTRAL.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9.—State Department officials deny that any agreement has been made that the United States and Great Britian would intervene after Russia has crushed Japan and insist that Manchuria remain a part of China. Since the Turko-Russian war it has been customary for the great neutral powers to hold some sort of conference at the end of a war to insure the vanquished nation in the struggle against unique exactions and punishments. That was notably the case in the Turko-Russian war, and attention is called to the fact that although Japan was the victor in her last war with China, the neutral powers, especially Russia, brought pressure to bear upon Japan to prevent her from pursuing her advantages beyond reasonable limits. Incidentally it was pointed out that the two nations profited themselves by the acquisition of most important strategetic points which had been the object of Japan's operations. Therefore, it is said to be within the probabilities that some kind of conference will follow a Russo-Japan war.

The United States has always held aloof from combinations in such cases, but as in the case of the negotiations which terminated the Boxer troubles, the policy has been to work on parallel lines when such a cause is for the common good.

The Baltimore Fire.

Baltimore, Md., was the scene of a terrible conflagration which raged despite the efforts of the best fire fighters in the world for 28 hours. The fire started about 10:45 a. m. Sunday and it was late Monday afternoon before the flames were under control.

The fire first started in the wholesale dry goods store of James E. Hurst & Co., on Hopkins Place, in the heart of the business district, with a series of loud explosions and the flames spread with fearful rapidity.

In a half hour there were a dozen big warehouses in the wholesale dry goods and notions districts burning fiercely. The entire city fire department was called out but was utterly powerless to check the spread of the flames, which were aided by high winds, and by noon there were savage fires in at least 80 big warehouses and the conflagration was steadily eating its way into successive blocks east, west, north and south.

When the fire reached Jones Falls, a small stream dividing Baltimore and East Baltimore, it had left a trail of destruction through the business district three-quarters of a mile long and eight blocks wide. Assistance was requested and soon arrived from several cities and a mighty effort of the firemen to prevent the spread of flames across Jones Falls was finally successful. East Baltimore contains many lumber yards and acres of ground occupied exclusively by dwelling houses. Had the fire gained headway in that district the result would have exceeded in destructiveness the great Chicago fire. Fortunately the fire did not reach any of the residence districts so that providing shelter for the homeless was not a feature of the conflagration.

A dispatch in Tuesday's Bradford Era, dated Feb. 8, says: When darkness fell to-night the people of this stricken city knew the worse was over. The flames which for more than 24 hours had swept resistlessly through the heart of one of the world's greatest marts of trade were checked. An army of firemen from many cities, working unweariedly and aided by a muddy little stream, finally conquered a fire that will rank among the world's great conflagrations. Worn by a night and day of terror the great crowds that watched the ruin of their city, turned homeward and at midnight the streets were deserted save for the police and militia who guarded the burned area. To the south a red glow rises and falls, marking 150 acres of devastation, 75 squares of property that yesterday represented values to the extent of from $75,000,000 to $125,000,000. Not even a close approximation can be made of the loss. No guess can be made of the insurance. Men to-night talk in figures that are appalling and almost incomprehensible because of its vastness. An expert, the city building inspector, estimates the loss in buildings at $150,000,000. On the other hand it is said the insurance estimates do not place the total loss at a greater figure. So far there has been no systematic attempt to fix the values that were represented in the district which to-night is a vast waste.

Merchants' Protective Association.

A number of the merchants of this place held a meeting last Thursday evening and took the first steps towards forming a Merchants' Protective Association, the object of which is for the mutual protection and benefit of its members. Wm. Monheimer was elected president and A. L. Colegrove secretary. The other business was postponed until to-night to give new members a chance to take part in the primary work of the organization. The meeting will be held in the hose house to-night after the meeting of the Business Men's Association and all merchants are urgently requested to be present.

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DARING DAYLIGHT ROBBERY.

Dominick Pepper and Joseph Frey, Italians, Arrested Saturday.

STOLEN GOODS FOUND ON PEPPER.

The Store of Max Schoolar Visited by Shoplifters—The Men Were Soon Captured by Sheriff Mays and Constable Jones.

Max Schoolar's clothing store, directly opposite the court house, was the scene of a daring robbery about 4 o'clock last Saturday afternoon.

Two Italians entered the store and were being shown various articles by the proprietor, when he was called away to wait upon another customer. The two men were standing at a counter where various small articles are displayed and were seen by Mr. Schoolar to be appropriating goods and stowing them away about their persons.

Max became highly excited and grasped the men, succeeding in getting back some of the stolen articles before they broke away from him and ran out of the store. He informed Sheriff Mays, who secured Constable Jones and the pursuit of the robbers commenced.

Two houses occupied by Italians in the vicinity of the P., S. & N. station were first visited without finding a trace of the robbers. Sheriff Mays remained in that vicinity while Constable Jones and Max Schoolar secured a rig and drove down Main street some distance with the hope of seeing the men along the P., S. & N. tracks.

During their absence Rose, a daughter of Felix Strevano, who lives in the building next to the Shawmut station, came to Sheriff Mays and asked him if the men could settle the matter by paying for the stolen property. He informed her that unless the culprits were pointed out he would be obliged to arrest all the occupants of the house, and Messrs. Jones and Schoolar arriving up on the scene at this time, the Strevano residence became the base of operations.

In a few moments the sheriff had nabbed one of the shoplifters and Mr. Schoolar was engaged in a furious and eloquent combat with the other man in the back yard. With some difficulty Constable Jones forced his way through the cloud of variegated language in the vicinity of the contestants and secured the other Italian.

The men, who gave the names of Dominick Pepper and Joe Frey, were taken to Justice Knapp's office and searched.

According to Constable Jones, Pepper had an inside coat pocket that would hold two bushels of oats. Several pairs of suspenders, 36 yards of lace, boxes of buttons and various other articles were found upon him. None of the stolen property was found in Frey's possession, but Mr. Schoolar is positive that he stole some gloves, which were afterward thrown away or hidden.

The men were committed to jail by Justice Knapp and were landed in that receptacle in about one hour after the commission of the offense, which is a tribute to the alertness of the officials engaged in the matter. A further search of Pepper at the jail brought to light a dangerous-looking hat pin. The man had a pocket in his underclothing in which another deadly weapon was found—a case knife, keenly sharpened and fastened to a razor handle. That the officers escaped mutilation by these weapons is a matter of congratulation.

The prisoners have been in America but a few months. They boarded with an Italian family at Comes and worked for a chemical wood contractor. After leaving Schoolar's store they boarded a P., S. & N. freight train, rode a short distance and then came to the Strevano house where they were captured.

Frank McKeown Killed.

Monday morning, shortly after five o'clock, the gas compressor in the pump station of the St. Marys Gas Co., at Griffiths, exploded from over-pressure. Frank McKeown, foreman of the station, was struck just above the eyes by a fragment of iron and instantly killed. The top of his head was torn off.

An assistant, Jasper Billettsburger, was injured, but not seriously. Thos. Bell, another employe, had a narrow escape from severe injury or death. The pump station was partially wrecked.

Frank McKeown was 40 years old and leaves a wife and two daughters. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity and K. O. T. M. A few years ago he was elected county auditor, but resigned the office, after serving a short time, to accept the position of foreman for the gas company. Mr. McKeown was a man well known and highly respected throughout this part of the country, and the sad shock of his sudden demise was a sorrowful blow to his friends in Smethport.

Vote for C. M. Colegrove.

SECOND FLOOD THIS SEASON.

Sunday's Flood Greater Than Previous One Here.

THE LOW LANDS IN THE SWIM.

People Forced to Second Story—Much Damage Done—Bradford Also In It.

The warm rains of Saturday night and Sunday morning created another freshet in this section which took greater proportions in some parts of town than the previous one last month. The rain came so fast that many cellars on the side hill were filled with surface water and in some cases much damage was done.

Large jams of ice did much to back up the water and in the eastern part of the town the flood passed the high water mark of many years' standing. The water kept raising until late Sunday night and East street was a veritable lake during the afternoon, although it was passable for rigs and men in high rubber boots until quite late. Some time in the evening a pile of lumber broke from its foundation in McKean Bros.' lumber yard and floated down until it lodged in the middle of the road which obstructed all kinds of traffic until Monday noon.

Northumberland avenue was a veritable lake Sunday and boats were the only means of travel on that thoroughfare. All cellars in that vicinity were filled and in some houses the water was from six to eighteen inches deep on the first floor and occupants were compelled to take to the second story of their domiciles. The Camp window glass factory and the Haines bottle works were forced to suspend operations until Tuesday night, and the Smethport window house could not do business Monday.

A large ice jam on the county farm caused the trouble for the Smethport factory and another big jam at the Kushequa railroad bridge across Potato creek did much to raise the tide in the east end. A crew of men were busy trying to break the jam with dynamite Sunday afternoon with but little success. The huge cakes of ice flying high into the air attracted a large crowd to the scene and the rising water penned in several and forced them to wade the chilling torrents.

On Mechanic street things were also lively. Holmes & Gilfillan's blacksmith and wagon shops were flooded and Brasted's bake shop was also under water. The little foot bridge had another narrow escape, but still remains on its foundation although it received many severe jolts from floating icebergs.

The damages, while not great to any one person or concern, will in the aggregate run into the thousands, the glass factories suffering most. John Todd lost nearly everything in his cellar, which will amount to close to $100, but perhaps his is the greatest of any individual.

Bradford had the highest water it has had in fifteen years. Many business places on Main street between Kennedy street and the railroad tracks were flooded. The first floor of the Holley House was under about six inches of water and the heating arrangement of the hotel was put out of business.

Ye Olde Folkes Partye.

One of the pleasantest social events of the season was held at the Lyceum Monday evening. It was a leap year party and was given by the married ladies, both old and young, of this place. About 35 couples were in attendance, all of whom vied with each other to make the occasion a most jolly one.

The costumes worn were as varied as the styles have been for the past 200 years. All the decades from the time of George Washington to the sturdy farmer of 1904 was delineated in the make-up, and every race but the Chinese and the coon was represented. The make-ups were grotesque and amusing and the way all acted out their respective parts shows that we have many natural impersonators among our society folk. Prizes were awarded to the best lady and gentlemen impersonators, and after much discussion and deliberation Mrs. Sheridan Gorton and H. C. Wells were given the decision.

The evening was spent in dancing the old-fashioned dances, playing cards and other games, Chadwick's orchestra furnishing excellent music for those who participated in the terpsichorean art. At midnight an old-fashioned lunch consisting of sandwiches, doughnuts, pickles, ginger bread and coffee was served. At 2 a. m. the jolly gathering broke up, all speaking words of praise to the ladies for the royal entertainment given them.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

Subscribe for the MINER.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Hon. L. Rogers has returned from Harrisburg and looks unusually well. Mr. Rogers made a popular and able Representative and all will admit that he has discharged his various duties with credit to himself and fidelity to his constituents. We hope this district may ever be represented by men like Mr. Rogers, for then we shall know that the interests of the people are looked after and their wishes complied with.

C. K. Sartwell has also made his appearance on the streets. Chet's looks would indicate that the duties of transcribing clerk of the Senate were somewhat arduous.

Died, in Keating township, April 15, 1872, of meningitis, Bessie K., daughter of Dr. S. D. and L. Freeman, aged 8 years and seven months. In the loss of this sweet child, who was a favorite with all, her parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

Married, at the M. E. parsonage in Smethport, by the Rev. H. Peck, April 27, 1872, Mr. Christian Herzog, of Sergeant township and Mrs. Lena Bayer of Norwich, Pa.

If there is anything you know, that is worth knowing, that we ought to know and you know that we don't know, please let us know it.

One day last week one of the most inhuman outrages was attempted in this place that we have ever been called upon to record. It appears that Abram Kingston, a shoemaker who has a shop on Water street, on the old cemetery lot, enticed a little daughter of Morris Keliher (the child is not yet eight years old) into his shop for the purpose of outraging her person. Mrs. Keliher, who was sick at the time, was told that the girl was in the shop and sent another daughter and a girl who was at work there after her. The door was locked and as they could not get in they returned to the house and were told to ask Mrs. Glenn to go back with them and get the girl. They succeeded this time in getting her out. Fortunately this fiend did not succeed in accomplishing his hellish purpose and the girl was uninjured except about the mouth which had been held to keep her from answering those calling her from outside the shop. Kingston left for parts unknown that evening and has not been seen since.

W. H. Curtis of Farmers Valley was elected county superintendent of schools on Tuesday last, May 7, 1872. The salary was fixed at $1,000 per annum. The retiring officer, W. J. Milliken, Esq., has made a good superintendent and has discharged the responsible duties of this office with much credit to himself and all concerned. Mr. Curtis is a fine scholar and we hope his administration will prove a success.

On Tuesday, May 14, 1873, Charles Dickeson and a son of Orlando Gallup caught six young wolves somewhere in the vicinity of Bunker Hill. Two of the old wolves were seen and probably will be caught, as Charley is death on these sort of "varmints."

On Tuesday, May 14, 1872, Mrs. June, wife of Squire June of Annin Creek, was burned so badly as to cause her death. The circumstances are as follows: Her husband was engaged in burning stumps on the farm and towards evening Mrs. June went where her husband was at work, taking him some water, and with the intention of spending some time with him as a pastime, it being a delightful day. After she went where her husband was at work she engaged in the work of kindling the fires, and by some means her clothes caught fire. All efforts of Mr. June to smother and put out the burning clothes proved in vain and her garments were literally burned off from her. She was so badly burned that death ensued the following day. Mrs. June was 74 years old the day of this accident and was a lady highly esteemed by all who knew her. In this very sad affliction Mr. June has the heartfelt sympathy of the whole neighborhood.

Some men are born mean; some men achieve meanness, and some men have meanness thrust upon them. The first class take their county paper without intending to pay for it; the second class get it a year for nothing and then refuse to take it out of the postoffice, and the third class wont subscribe for it because generous neighbors loan them copies of it.

Isaac Noy of Cole creek, an old gentleman 83 years old, had his leg so badly crushed by a falling tree, on June 1, 1872, as to render amputation necessary. Dr. Freeman, assisted by D. V. Cressmire, amputated the crushed limb and the patient is rapidly gaining.

Our dentist offended one of his patrons the other day by requesting him not to open his mouth so wide, as he intended to stand outside during the performance.

Our friend D. R. Hamlin is erecting a dwelling house on the square below the Baptist church. The frame is already up and nearly enclosed. It will be an elegant building and add very much to the looks of the town.

LYNCH RELEASED ON SATURDAY

Given His Freedom on Writ of Habeas Corpus.

EVIDENCE TO HOLD HIM LACKING.

Such was the Decision of Judge Bouton—Schubert Improving.

James Lynch, who was arrested on Tuesday of last week charged with assaulting and robbing Elmer Schubert in the west end of town a week ago last Saturday night, was released from custody on Saturday last on a writ of habeas corpus.

After the hearing last Thursday afternoon, when Lynch was held for the action of the grand jury without bail, his attorney, F. D. Gallup, took out a writ of habeas corpus and on Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock a hearing was given before Judge Bouton in the court house. The evidence produced against Lynch was entirely circumstantial and after the evidence was in Judge Bouton decided that there was not enough evidence against him to hold him and therefore Mr. Lynch was discharged.

This leaves the case a complete mystery and in all probability the perpetrator will never be found. Schubert is steadily improving and now his complete recovery is only a question of time. He says he has no knowledge of who struck him, but does not think Lynch would do it, for they had been good friends and had worked together in Kane's quarry a good deal last summer.

Lynch's home is in Ohio and he has only been in this section a short time and so far as he is known he is a peaceable fellow and his friends were surprised that suspicion should rest on him. Another clue is now being investigated, but it is doubtful if any more arrests will be made.

Death of Mrs. Hibbard.

Mrs. Lovicy Hibbard died on February 1, 1904, at the residence of her son, D. E. Hibbard, on Indian creek, aged 82 years, 3 months and 3 days.

The subject of this sketch was born in Erie county, N. Y., on the 28th day of November, 1821. She was a member of the Universalist church and died a Christian's death, reconciled and ready to meet her Maker when called upon to go. She had been a patient sufferer for several years with chronic dyspepsia, but in the end her death was painless.

In the early forties she was united in marriage to Edmond Foster of Erie county, N. Y., who died in Lockport, N. Y., in the early fifties. She afterwards was married to T. S. Hibbard of Erie county, N. Y., who also died about twenty years ago.

She leaves to mourn her death ex-County Commissioner Frank R. Foster of Smethport and Mrs. Wm. F. Van Voris formerly of Minneapolis, now of Brooklyn, children of her first marriage, and D. E. Hibbard of her second marriage.

The funeral services were held at the residence of her son, D. E. Hibbard, the Rev. Hugh Boyd officiating. She was buried in Rose Hill cemetery in the family lot of her son, Frank R. Foster, the Rev. G. H. Patterson conducting the services at the grave.

Beauty Doctor Scores Heavily.

"The Beauty Doctor" completely captivated another large crowd at the Park theater Tuesday evening. At the matinee performance the crowd was one of the largest of the season while in the evening the capacity of this very ample theater was taxed. The success of this attraction in this city is not different from that scored elsewhere. Wherever it has been presented this year it has done a record breaking business and indications are that it will be equally as successful here. Just here it is not out of place to state that this city is the only booking made by the management of this splendid attraction in a "popular price" house.

Nothing in this line has been offered here that has scored more heavily than "The Beauty Doctor." The cast is strictly first class in every particular and easily the most evenly balanced possible to secure. "The Beauty Doctor" will please the most fastidious.—Youngstown Daily Vindicator, January 24, 1904. At the Lyceum February 20.

Odd Fellows Attention.

Smethport, Pa., Feb. 11, 1904.

Brotherhood Accident Co.

Gentlemen:

Your General Supt. of Agents, Bro. E. W. Megginson, handed me your draft for $150.00 to-day for benefits claimed by me for accident to my hand. Your treatment with me has been fair, this being my second claim against your company.

Yours fraternally,
ALBERT ANDERSON.

F. G. Lindholm & Co. are offering great bargains in men's union made shoes all this month.

Vote for C. M. Colegrove for school director.

MISPLACED LOVES

The Story of a Valentine

By...

EMERY POTTLE

Copyright, 1900, by Emery Pottle

SARAH ADELINE braided the second of her two vivacious pigtails with despondent jerks. The frost lay in thick white patterns on the gable window of her bedroom, and her fingers ached with cold. The morning seemed gray and disheartened. It was the embodiment of Sarah Adeline's low spirited condition.

She tied the shoestring viciously in three hard knots around the end of the braid, unmindful of the difficulty she would encounter when she untied it.

"Sarah Adeline, for the land's sake, ain't you dressed yet? It's quarter past 7, and your pa's gone, and the cakes are stone cold. You come here right off." It was Sarah's mother who called.

"Yes'm," answered Sarah meekly.

"My goodness!" she muttered crossly to herself. "They think I can do everything all at once!"

When she essayed to button the back of her red and black plaid flannel with the box pleated skirt, her winter dress for school, her fingers fairly refused to do their work, so cold were they. After one or two attempts Sarah Adeline sat down on the edge of her bed and wept. The reason for her tears was not entirely the obstinacy of the buttons nor her icy fingers. There was a sore disappointment in her heart, and her objective world, as generally is the case, seemed perversely in league with it.

"Sarah, Sa-rah, Sa-rah Adeline!" came shrilly from below.

Sarah Adeline stumbled rapidly down the stairs, her red and black plaid dress gaping wide in the back.

Her grandfather kissed her good morning, with the cheerful admonition that "little gals should always be up in the morning lively." Sarah's mother was kneading bread in the kitchen with swift, determined punches. "Wash your face good, Sarah, at the sink. Then get your breakfast off the back of the stove and set right down," she said briskly. "Pa, see if you can't button her dress for her. I ain't got time to get my hands out the dough."

After the little frock was fastened in a strange, unexpected way Sarah ate her breakfast in silence.

When she finished she put her dishes with the others in a big tin pan.

"Time you was getting along to school, Sarah Adeline," said her grandfather.

"Yes'm. Yes, sir, I mean," she answered absently.

"Your lunch is in your basket on the pantry shelf," called her mother. "And don't you wade in the snow today. I want you to come right home after school too. Don't you run around with those Lacy children on the way home."

"Yes'm; no'm. I won't."

After Sarah Adeline had put on her pink zephyr hood, her heavy brown coat, her gray leggings and her red mittens she hesitated irresolutely.

"Tomorrow's Valentine's," she said tentatively to her mother.

Mrs. Munford was shoving big, rectangular tins full of fat, white mounds

"TOMORROW'S WHAT?" SHE QUESTIONED.

of dough into the oven. They slumped exasperatingly on the iron gliding.

"Tomorrow's what?" she questioned.

"Valentine's."

"My land, is it the 14th of February already? I shall have to begin spring house cleaning before I know it."

Still Sarah Adeline lingered.

"Lots of 'em 'll get valentines," she ventured.

"Well, maybe you'll get one, too," answered her mother, piling up the soiled breakfast dishes in clattering heaps.

"I don't believe so. I guess—they's a lovely pink one down to Sanders' store that I'd like to have for—for"—Sarah hesitated. "For the teacher," she ended in a shamed little voice.

"How much is it, Sarah Adeline?" inquired her mother between the swishes of the steaming dishwater she was pouring in the pan.

"It's—65 cents." There were boldness and despair in Sarah's voice.

"My soul and body! Well, I guess you won't have you paying any 65 cents for that teacher. You run along now or you'll be late."

"Sarah Adeline," whispered her grandfather as his granddaughter scuffed in to her rubbers in the storm house on the west porch, "you take this an' buy a valentine." He slipped a five cent piece into Sarah's mitten.

"Thank you, gran'pa," she answered quietly. When she got out into the road she was almost of a mind to throw the money away. "Huh! Nickel!" she sniffed. "That won't buy anything decent!". She put the nickel in her pocket, however, and wiped away two angry tears. Then she trudged soberly along the snowy road in the wide tracks left by the wood sleighs and the pungs that had passed early that morning.

Sarah Adeline Munford was nine years old. She was a slim, pale faced little girl with stiff straw colored hair, and on her nose, by her own laborious count, were twelve large freckles. She recounted them each week to see if any had disappeared, for she despised them.

For the last week Sarah's heart had been troubled, and as Valentine's day approached her trouble grew larger. Ordinarily Sarah Adeline was of a complacent nature and but often stirred from a certain placid innocence which seemed to hang about her like a cloud. Where she loved she loved in secret bliss, taking greater pleasure in the daring imaginings of her young heart than in the more commonplace exhibitions of sentiment displayed by her schoolmates.

Sarah Adeline was not a favorite with boys. This she knew and accepted, in part she confirmed self why it was so. Perhaps her physical calm and outward depreciatory solemnitiveness of manner repelled young swains and restrained their boyish ardor.

So her affection for the sternes sex was of a romantic spirituality. She raised her masculine ideals, cherished them for a time and cast them down, only to repeat the process. She had but to appropriate mentally the boy she considered nicest, and immediately the vexed course of true love was smoothed under her control. The little god smiled benignly on her, and she knew no rival. When she wearied of one spiritual admirer there was only the slight wrench of separation, then sayly away to the next.

For a month Willie Penn Dixon had held supreme place in Sarah's heart, though he knew it not. They had walked to and from school daily, they had together attended "socials" and "surprise parties," they had even indulged in an impressive marriage ceremony which Sarah had devised from memorable incidents of her grownup sister's wedding, but Willie Penn knew nothing of it.

Indeed Willie Penn scorned Sarah Adeline. On the day of the first snow that winter he had given his sled a sharp push and sent it all alone down a little hilly path to bump into the backs of Sarah's thin legs. She sat down suddenly and heavily in a snow bank, and there were black and blue spots on her ankles afterward. He pinched her severely whenever he stood next her in the spelling class and tried to trip her when she took her seat. In fact, he did all the horrid things a vigorous out of door little ruffian could do to an offensively innocent little girl; but in a determined feminine way, as old as creation, Sarah Adeline continued to adore.

As St. Valentine's day drew near Sarah heard much from the other girls about the sending of valentines. Melissa Marvin had confided to Sarah one night on the way home from school her purpose of bestowing upon Willard Kitchell "a perfectly lovely" valentine. Melissa Marvin's father gave her 25 cents a week to spend as she liked. She and Sarah went around by Sanders' store that night to press their noses flat against the window and stare at a big, beautiful pink creation that occupied the center of a varied and wonderful group of valentines. There was soft white swansdown on the edge of this gorgeous satin thing. It bristled with fat, stuffy looking little Cupids brandishing harmless darts, and there were also elegantly embossed flowers in bewildering wreaths.

Sarah Adeline gasped with admiration.

"Oh, Melissa!" she whispered.

"That's it; that's the one. I'm going to buy it for"—she whispered in Sarah's ear—"for W. K."

"Oh!" Sarah Adeline could say no more.

"It's 35 cents." Pa asked Sanders yesterday," continued Melissa. "Why don't you get a valentine for same boy?"

"I a' know but I will—if I want to," answered Sarah with maidenly reserve.

As she went home in the winter twilight Sarah Adeline made a resolve. She would send Willie Penn Dixon that pink valentine if she could possibly buy it. And she would send it to him without her name or even her initials on it.

But the day before Cupid's reckless revel had come and poor Sarah Adeline was almost without hope. The 5 cents her grandfather had given her, added to her painful savings of 15 cents, was not nearly enough to buy the wonderful pink token. She had put into her regular prayer of the night before a tender little petition for the big pink one, dear Lord," in Mr. Sanders' window" and had secretly hoped to find it lying on her herringbone pattern quilt when she awakened. To lose her faith in Providence and to be deprived of love's offering at a blow was more than Sarah Adeline could endure.

The tears had kept off the end of her freckle nose as she plodded on to school.

At the crossroads she met Willard Kitchell.

"Hello!" said he.

"Hello, Willard!" responded Sarah.

"What's matter?"

"Nothin."

"R'is too."

"Ain." Sarah dried her tears stubbornly.

They walked along in silence, Willard warily keeping an eye out for other boys that he might quickly slip ahead and avoid the shame of walking with a girl.

For long Willard Kitchell had loved Sarah Adeline. He had, in time honored fashion, begun by pitying her lonely estate. The rest followed in due course. Furthermore, he had never by word or sign betrayed his passion to a single soul, much less to Sarah. In his trousers pocket at that moment jingled comfortably 6 cents. He, too, had desired the pink wonder and intended that very noon to buy it for the object of his love. He wanted to tell her so now, but he refrained. The gorgeous valentine could speak his devotion better than his words, he dimly felt.

When they were still a good way from the schoolhouse Willard Kitchell said to Sarah:

"Sumpens goin' to happen tomorrow." He gave a loud whoop and ran away before Sarah Adeline could answer. He was a very fat, round boy, bundled up to his ears in a huge green scarf which his aunt had knit him for Christmas, and he could not run fast. Sarah might easily have caught him if she had wanted to.

She gazed after him in astonishment and only said, "My!"

At noon that day Willard Kitchell did not eat his lunch, but raced down to Sanders' and bought the pink satin valentine. He addressed it to Miss Sarah Adeline Munford, making many flourishes and displaying much red tongue. He had scarcely dropped it in the postoffice which was in the back part of Sanders' and burned away when Melissa Marvin came in Mr. Sanders told her that he had just sold the valentine she demanded. Melissa's eyes filled with tears. Sanders patted her and gave her a hard chocolate caramel which stuck fast to her teeth. He was sorry for her because Melissa was a very pretty little girl.

Melissa cried all the afternoon behind her geography, and when Sarah asked her in a note what was the matter she made a hideous face over her shoulder. Poor Sarah Adeline! How could she know that Melissa believed that she had bought the coveted valentine?

Sarah Adeline went straight home from school. At supper she was very quiet and ate little. Her mother told Grandfather Munford that she believed Sarah Adeline had got cold. So the little girl was sent to bed early with a big bowl of bones tea.

Sarah asked Providence again the night, albeit in a half hearted way, for the "big pink one" and fell asleep in a very miserable state of mind.

Next morning she awoke to find her father standing over her with a large, flat paper package in his hand. He kissed her loudly and said, "I guess father's little girl has got a valentine." Before she untied the string Sarah knew it was the pink valentine and she reproached herself for her yesterday's lack of faith. She gave one swift look at it, discovered no name on the resplandent thing, then shut her lips tight with resolve.

Her father took it downstairs to show the rest of the family. When Sarah Adeline appeared she was much petted. Her father joked her about the sender, and her mother settled herself with a little shake of conscious pride and said she guessed she'd have to be looking after Sarah Adeline pretty close. Sarah said nothing and ate her breakfast quickly and departed for school.

She avoided meeting any one she knew and went straight to the postoffice. Sanders asked her what he could do for her.

"Please wrap this valentine up for me, Mr. Sanders," said Sarah.

"Well, I want to know," chuckled Sanders when he saw his pink satin valentine

"THERE! NOW!"

again. "What's the young one up to?" But he said nothing and handed the white paper parcel to Sarah. She grasped the postoffice pen in her small fingers and wrote neatly in one corner "Mr. William Penn Dixon." Later Sanders put it in Willie Penn's father's box and laughed heartily.

Sarah Adeline was tardy that morning. At lunchtime Melissa would not speak to her, and Willie Penn hit her in the back with a big, soft ball of snow. But she did not mind, for she loved devotedly the Willie Penn of her imagining, and furthermore, the real Willie Penn would have the most beautiful valentine in the world.

During the afternoon recess Willard Kitchell wrote Sarah a note.

"Friend Sarah—Did you get it? I sent it. With love. Your obedient servant,

"WILLARD K."

The teacher saw him when he threw it and made him put it in the stove.

When school closed Sarah walked home with Mabel Taylor. Willard flung behind and threw snowballs as near their heads as he could without hitting them.

Next morning Willard Kitchell waited at the crossroads for Sarah Adeline. In his hand was a flat, white paper package. There was wrath in his eye and a tremulous quiver about his lip.

Sarah Adeline approached serenely. In fancy she was hand in hand with Willie Penn Dixon, and it gave her a considerable start to see Willard Kitchell sternly awaiting her.

"Good morning, Willard," she said sweetly, though she felt his chilling glances.

For answer Willard thrust out his tongue. His fat, rosy face, with its appendage of red tongue, was very funny. Sarah Adeline almost laughed out loud.

"Why, Willard," she said, "what's the matter with you?"

He said nothing, but poked the package into her red mittened hand.

A sudden fear assailed Sarah Adeline. She tore off a corner of the wrapping and peeked timidly in.

"Why, Willard, it's—"

Her companion eyed her with reproach.

"Why, Willard, she stammered blushingly.

"It's it," grunted Willard, "the one I gave you. You're a mean girl you didn't keep it."

"Oh, my! Willard Kitchell," returned Sarah Adeline, with spirit, "I guess that ain't the only pink satin valentine in the world."

"'Tis, too!" Willard asserted illogically "I gave it to you, an' you gave it to Willie Penn, An' he gave it to Melissa Marvin an' she sent it to me. So!" Willard turned his back to hide his tremulous lip and nervously dug a hole in the snow with his heel.

"Huh, I guess you needn't think that it's all the same valentine!" contended Sarah delightfully. "I'm sure it's a very nice one, and any one would buy it, and how do you know it's the one you gave me, and Sanders maybe had two or three like it, and"— She paused for breath.

"Why-y-y Sarah Adeline Munford! I sh' think you'd be shamed. Sanders didn't have but one, an'—I bought it, an' Sanders told pa you sent it to Willie Penn an' he gave it to Melissa, an'"—something stuck in Willard Kitchell's throat—"an' they laughed awful. Besides"—Willard grew wroth at the thought—"look here." He tore away the covering and accusingly lifted up a small bulbous Cupid in the upper left hand corner of the valentine. It was attached to a queer little paper spiral. There, beneath the Cupid's fat body, was the inky inscription: "S. A. M. from W. K. With love." "There! Now!"

Sarah Adeline cast her eyes to the earth. Willard turned haughtily to depart.

"I know what 'll happen to you, Sarah Munford," he said in a choked voice.

"What?" demanded Sarah, too thoroughly miserable.

"You'll—you'll be cast into everlasting hell fire!" burst out the exasperated Willard, bethinking him of his latest Sunday school lesson. Then he ran off, shocked but triumphant at his own dreadful prophecy.

Sarah Adeline sat down in a heap of snow and cried. Then she dug a deep hole in a big drift with her spelling book. Into the hole she crammed the ill fated pink satin valentine and covered it up.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed tearfully. "I don't believe I'll ever love any one any more. It's such hard work."

Her Emergency Fund.

"I put $10 in the bank today, George."

"You'll have a tidy little sum there if you keep on. Going to buy something nice with it?"

"Mercy, no! That's my divorce surplus in case I need it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mary's Choice.

"Farmer Sawyer, what is your daughter Mary going to be when she finishes at college?"

"Waal, I kinder reckon she'll teach school. She thinks she'd like the vacations."—Harper's Bazar.

The Delicate Method.

"Let us talk of something we don't know anything about," he suggested.

"Such as what?" she asked.

"Marriage," he replied, after which they went into executive session.—Chicago Post.

Discontent is the want of self reliance. It is infirmity of will.—Emerson.

SILENT FAMOUS MEN

CELEBRITIES THAT HAVE BEEN NOTED AS MIGERS OF WORDS.

Some of the World's Greatest Characters Have Been as Sparing of Language as They Have Been Prodigal of Deeds of Renown.

It is a curious and interesting fact that many of the world's greatest men have been as sparing of words as they have been prodigal of deeds.

It is doubtful if there ever lived a more taciturn man than Wallenstein, the famous commander of the Austrian army during the thirty years' war. It is said of Wallenstein that he "lived in an atmosphere of silence" and never uttered a word that was not absolutely necessary, nor would he permit others to speak in his presence more than was essential. One of his chamberlains was hanged for waking Wallenstein with needless noise. His servants were so many mutes, not daring to open their lips in his presence, and he was surrounded by patrols, and the approaches to his house were barricaded by chains to preserve him from the least disturbance. In comparison with Wallenstein, it has been recorded, Diogenes would have been a chatterbox and William the Silent a brawler.

But silence is a characteristic of many of the world's most famous soldiers. Napoleon boasted that in his dealings with men he never wasted a word and made monosyllables answer most purposes. But nothing escaped his eyes, and he could compress more within a sentence than most men could convey in a quarter of an hour.

The great Duke of Marlborough when receiving reports from his generals would produce his watch and say, "I will give you a minute." And it was likely to go hard with the officer who did not observe the limitation. To his staff the Duke of Wellington was always more or less a sphinx. A nod or a shake of the head was often the only response they could get from him, and when once he was asked what he considered the best equipment of a commander he answered, "A long head and a silent tongue."

Von Moltke almost rivaled Wallenstein in taciturnity. He never opened his mouth if a gesture would suffice, and when the news was brought to him that the French had declared war he simply said to the aid-de-camp, "Second pigeonhole on the right, first tier," and turned round to sleep again. But he had said all that was necessary, for in the pigeonhole indicated were complete plans for the campaign which closed in brilliant victory. Von Moltke used to say that one verb in the German language was worth all the others put together, and that was "thun"—"to do."

The worst thing his enemies could say of President Grant was, "He won't talk" because he has so much to conceal," and yet it was precisely in this silence that Grant's real strength lay. His orders and dispatches were the briefest ever penned, and when once a charming young lady playfully asked him why he would not talk to her he answered, "My dear, don't you know that silence is one of the greatest arts of conversation?"

But it has been the same in all ages. Charlemagne was a perfect miser of words. Golding, with Confucius, that "silence is a friend that will never betray." Hannibal was a "man of monosyllables," and Julius Cæsar was nicknamed by his soldiers "The Oracle."

Even great statesmen and writers who cannot suffer from any lack of words have often been among the most reserved of men. Of Addison Johnson says, "Of his external manners nothing is so often mentioned as that timorous or sullen taciturnity which his friends called modesty by too mild a name." Accordiug to Chesterfield, he was "the most timorous and awkward man I ever saw," and even Addison himself, speaking of his own deficiency in conversation, used to say, "I can draw bills for a thousand pounds, though I haven't a guinea in my pocket."

Dryden was unutterably dreary as a companion. "My conversation is slow," he once wrote, "my humor saturnine and reserved, and I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company and make repartees." And Shadwell tells how he once dined with Dryden, and from the beginning to the end of the meal the poet "never opened his lips except to eat."

Thomas Carlyle was a "hoarder of the gold of silence" and would sit for hours, puffing away at his pipe, without uttering more than a grunt or a gruff monosyllable. Leigh Hunt, his neighbor and intimate, once wrote to a friend: "Have just spent a pleasant hour with Carlyle. When I went in he growled, 'Hullo; here again!' and at parting he snapped out, 'Good day!' and that is the sum of the conversation he honored me with. But how eloquent his silence is. I just sat and looked at him and came away strengthened for fresh struggle."

A Blustering King.

of King George IV. Thomas Creevey, who lived in the early part of the nineteenth century, tells this story:

The king had appointed the bishop of Winchester to administer to him the sacrament on one of the Sundays about Easter. The bishop was not punctual to his time, and when he arrived the king, in a great passion at having been kept waiting, abused and even swore at him in the most indecent manner, on which the bishop very coolly said he must be permitted to withdraw, as he perceived his majesty was not then in a fit state of mind to receive the sacrament, and should be ready to attend on some future day, when he hoped to find his majesty in a better state of preparation.

Argument Was Useless.

"But," protested the loving wife, "before I was married I always had a new bonnet every time I wanted one."

"Yes," answered the brutal husband without looking up from his paper, "and I put fresh cheese in the mouse trap every night until I had caught that mouse in the pantry."—Judge.

CELESTIAL REFRESHMENTS

Funny Little Restaurants in the Chinese Empire.

Places of rest and refreshment are commonly to be found in China at the halting stations on the highways in the interior or at the villages on the banks of the great rivers of China. They frequently take the form of a small mud hut, having a dark interior filled with smoke, tea tables, forms and an oven, where a cook is kept busy baking tea bread and frying puddings for the entertainment of the customers, whose favorite beverage is tea, although when times are good and the weather cold they indulge in something stronger, which often inebriates and that at a very cheap rate. In the darkest corner there are a row of glazed earthenware jars containing a kind of Chinese whisky, of which a thirsty carter may have a skin full for something considerably under a penny, when he will go quietly to sleep on the shaft of his cart, and his pony or mule, being used to it, will take him home.

In addition to these conveniences there is an ingenious little furnace in front, having a long flue, through which the flame is driven by an air pump, and a row of hot water kettles, gradually increasing in size to suit the heat of the tongue of flame that passes up the flue beneath, so that they may all be kept boiling. The hot water is sold to passersby, who usually carry with them their teapot and tea, so that they may have a cup at every station. This custom of carrying one's own tea is so common that it is difficult to procure a cup of tea in any of the restaurants, as they do not keep it and do not care to go out of their way to buy it for you. Although the plant may be growing all round and at one's very feet, it is next to impossible to get a cup that a foreigner would consider worth drinking, and as to using milk and sugar, the Chinese look upon the practice as a barbarous device of the "foreign devil."—Golden Penny.

ANIMAL ODDITIES.

The fiercest of all animals is the black panther.

The lion is the only wild animal that is capable of affection.

Statistics show that serpents kill more persons in India than in any other country.

Most reptiles are notoriously deaf, except caymans and crocodiles. The boa seems absolutely so.

The sense of smell in the snail has been found to be limited, as a rule, to a distance of about an inch.

The West Indian crab is a remarkable creature. Although born in the sea, it matures in fresh water and passes its adult life on land.

Shepherds allow their collies one meal a day, and on this allowance health and efficiency are secured. Ladies who are "good" to their pet dogs are rewarded by seeing their pets sinking rapidly into decrepitude.

A One Sided Celebration.

Uncle Eph'm had put on a clean collar and his best coat and was walking majestically up and down the street.

"Aren't you working today, uncle?" asked one of his Caucasian acquaintances.

"No, suh. I'm celebratin' my golden weddin', suh."

"You were married fifty years ago today?"

"Yes, suh."

"Well, why isn't your wife helping you to celebrate it?"

"My present wife, suh," replied Uncle Eph'm, with dignity, 'ain't got nothin' to do with it. She's de 'leventh."—Chicago Tribune.

She Helped Him Out.

He was quoting Tennyson's "Ring, happy bells, across the snow."

"What's that line, Molly," he asked, "about 'Ring in the new?' I've forgotten it."

"So have I," she replied, "but how will this do:

"This dress I wear,
Will never do;
Ring out the old,
Ring in the new!"

—Atlanta Constitution.

Clubs Where Members Talk Much.

Clubs where the members talk much are generally to be avoided. Talk makes mischief. There are one or two rather well known literary and professional clubs in London, where members are freely introduced and personal gossip the fashion, which have been pronounced too dangerous to be used by some of those who, for old association's sake, still keep their names upon the books.—English Country Gentleman.

Rather Prosaic.

A lady who was an ardent votary of modern culture happened to sit at an evening party next to an eminent composer and leader of an orchestra. In the full expectation of eliciting from the maestro a particularly brilliant and intellectual pronouncement, she inquired, "How do you feel after conducting the Ninth Symphony?"

"Hungry," was the laconic reply.

Thrifty Mother.

"She named her baby after all four of its rich uncles."

"What good will that do? None of them will feel complimented when they know the others have been so remembered."

"Oh, but she has trained the child to answer only to the name of the uncle who happens to be around."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Parental Solicitude.

The Mother—Don't you think the baby had better go to kindergarten, dear? Father—Isn't he too young? The Mother—Yes. But he never sees either of us long enough to learn how to talk. And don't you think he ought to know how?—Town Topics.

Round and Pleasant.

May—Last night was the happiest in my life. It brought me one round of pleasure. Fay—What do you consider "one round of pleasure?" May—An engagement ring.—Philadelphia Press.

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Hawke's Cut Glass,

the ware that took the Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition.

Fine Stationery
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Ladies need our patent dryer after shampooing the hair.

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in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

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Rooney's is the Place

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Fresh, Salt or Smoked

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whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

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Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

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A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.
Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.
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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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of looking at our window display of Rich Cut Glass, every piece of which is for sale at cost until next Thursday. We have the privilege of sending unsold pieces back to factory and have decided to give our customers the benefit of this arrangement for one week.

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REMOVAL SALE.

Have you mailed us a postal yet?

Last week in our store news we asked you to send us your name and address on a postal for our SELECT MAILING LIST. We will send to all who furnish us with their names and addresses, monthly news of BUFFALO'S GREATEST STORE—the doings of the world of fashion, the happenings in the mercantile world. It will cost but one cent for a postal and in return will keep you informed of the trade events of this vast store—a special news service for your benefit—write at once.

Drop a Postal now.

Your name and address plainly written, state, town and county—write very distinctly and mention this paper—The William Hengerer Co. Buffalo, N.Y.

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THE WM. HENGERER CO.
BUFFALO N.Y.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 11, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Election next Tuesday.

—A. E. Stickles advertises blooded pigs this week.

—Fry & Herzog have a new advertisement in this issue.

—Read Mrs. A. E. Hinman's change of advertisement this week.

—Dr. and Mrs. Hamilton entertained the whist club Saturday evening.

—Sidney Burdick is now manager of the Smethport Lyceum orchestra.

—U. S. Senator H. M. Teller of Colorado is an alumnus of Alfred University.

—The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Richardson is ill with measles.

—St. Elizabeth's Aid Society will meet at Mrs. Bisett's on Thursday, February 18.

—The Clarion State Normal School has established an enviable reputation for efficiency in all departments.

—A party of 15 Russians recently arrived in Roulette. They will be employed near there getting out wood for acid factories.

—The large baby carriage works of the H. N. Thayer Co. at Erie were destroyed by fire last Thursday afternoon, doing $150,000 damage.

—The Potter County Journal appeared in a brand new gown, last week. The new type makes the Journal seem brighter and it is just as newsy as ever.

—The typhoid fever epidemic, which has made such terrible havoc in Butler, is practically at an end. There have been 1,348 cases in and around Butler and 90 deaths occurred from the disease.

—The B., B. & K. Ry. has again resumed traffic from Ormsby to Kane. Last Sunday a train was run from this place to Bradford and return, but owing to the disagreeable weather it was lightly patronized.

—"The Revival of Dry Bones" is the subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist church. Circumstances attending the Boxer uprising and the siege of Pekin will be illustrated by stereopticon views in the evening.

—W. P. Hanes, Republican candidate for school director, who has gone to Kansas, will be back to McKean county by April 1, 1904. All good Republicans vote for Mr. Hanes who will be our next director of schools in Keating township.

—Although Bradford has been frozen out of the Lake Erie Trotting Circuit it is going to have races just the same. Good for sporty Bradford.

—As a result of a snow blockade at East Aurora last Thursday the Pennsylvania railroad was tied up for seventeen hours and the mail due here at 7:20 did not arrive until Friday afternoon.

—Editor Tom M. McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald was thrown out of a cutter and his head quite severely cut while driving last Thursday afternoon. It thought that he will be laid up for about two weeks. His friends wish for his speedy recovery.

—The young ladies of the Smethport Traveler's Club will give a Valentine Party at Epworth chapel Saturday evening, February 13. Admission free. Proceeds of the party for the club house fund. The Traveler's Club entertainments are always interesting and well attended by their friends.

—An exchange says: When a man playfully points a pistol or gun at you, knock him down; don't stop to inquire whether it is loaded or not; knock him down. Don't be particular what you hit him with only see that it is properly done. If a coroner's inquest is held let it be on the other fellow, he won't be missed.

—Exhaustive tests made of the water supply at Butler have proven that the water which was supposed to have been the greatest cause of the typhoid fever epidemic there, is pure and can be used without being boiled. Several hundreds of samples have been analyzed and in none was any bacilli of typhoid fever.—Ex.

—Henry Eastwood died at his home in Liberty township recently, aged 85 years. The deceased lived in Grimes Settlement for seventy-five years, where his remains were laid at rest beside his wife, who passed away a short time ago. Deceased leaves a large family to mourn his death. Their many friends deeply sympathize with them.

—J. C. Backus has started the manufacture of his pin setting device for bowling alleys. The machine has been described in the columns of the MINER and is well known to the bowlers of this vicinity, who claim that it is a great invention and bound to come into general use. Mr. Backus has orders for a number of machines from alleys in this part of the country and it is confidently predicted that within a few months the demand for the device will keep a large number of men busy manufacturing them. It looks as though the invention will be a big money maker for Mr. Backus.

The Hardiness of Trees.

An expert nurseryman says the hardiness or nonhardiness of trees depends largely upon where the seeds from which the trees in question spring came from. Satisfactory results are seldom experienced by planting a seed obtained from the sunny south, say. By planting seeds generally farther north, however, trees may be at length hardened and acclimated until a seed from such a tree may be reasonably expected to thrive and mature its fruits.

Trees, like people, acquire their habits from the climate in which they live. The northern tree knows instinctively when the time has come to ripen its fruits. The southern tree follows the same instinct, being in no hurry, as there is little likelihood of real cold. With transplantings farther north its habit changes.

The great trouble with most people is that they want to jump a tree from south to north at one move. This same idea is evident in the attempt to bring various fruit trees from Russia to the northern United States.

Apples and plums from the land of the great white czar have taken kindly to the below-zero conditions of the gentle Dakotas.—Philadelphia Record.

Queer Korean Ways.

The women of the commonalty are voluble and vixenish and ever ready to slap a handful of stars into the eyes of a husband or into those of a timid and shrinking tourist, should the occasion arise. The women of the upper class are rigorously excluded from miscellaneous eyes, and a hearty vote of thanks is due the committee who fathered this unwritten law. The dainty little Japanese jinrikisha, teetering along in sandals or on wooden geta, is a genuine relief to the eye after a view of the uncomely Korean woman.

Until Korean boys are married and acquire the pseudo dignity of the top-knot their hair is worn girl fashion in twin plaits down their backs. So much do they resemble girls that it is sometimes difficult to determine the sex, and one is oftentimes uncommonly surprised to observe what he is positive are two girls sprawling and viciously fighting in a Korean street.—Outing.

A Wife's Stratagem.

A London journal tells an admirable story of beauteous Kesa, who loved her husband, but who was herself sought by her wicked and powerful cousin, Molito. Knowing that Molito would take her husband's life unless circumvented by guile, she laid a terrible plot. Summoning Molito, she told him that on a certain night her husband would be sleeping in a certain room and that she intended to unloosen his hair so that under no circumstances could he be mistaken for another man. On the night in question Molito entered the room, severed the sleeper's head with his sword and, holding it up to the moon, by the hair beheld the face of Kesa herself.

Customs of Colliers' Wives.

The wives of north country colliers observe a very touching and pathetic custom when an accident occurs in the pit. Directly it is known to the wife of a collier that an accident has happened in the pit where her husband works and that his fate is uncertain she throws open the house door, and, however inclement the weather may be, she keeps the door open and a candle burning in the window, night and day, till the hind is brought home, dead or alive. In some cases the door has remained open and the candle alight during several weeks.—London Chronicle.

Dogs as Collectors.

Dogs with collecting boxes attached to their collars are comparatively common in Europe. It may not, however, be generally known what large sums they earn for the charities they represent. It is stated in the Animal World that one which used to beg for a hospital in Ireland collected in five years nearly $15,000. He had a special banking account, which was submitted periodically to a chartered accountant.

Philosophy.

If we would realize the fact that life is vain, not pursuing our quarrel with it would be gone, and we would accept thankfully a little scrap of dripping on our daily bread. But we go on expecting happiness, stand, empty plate in hand, beggars to an invisible cook, and we grow old standing there, but we won't budge.—Helen Mathers.

Macbeth as a Comedian.

She—I suppose you attended the amateur theatricals last night? He—Yes, and there wasn't a dry eye in the house. She—The idea! I never heard of "Macbeth" affecting an audience that way before. He—No. You see, we simply laughed till we cried.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Reminder.

Singleton—I say, old chap, what have you that string around your finger for? Wedderly—To remind me of something I am to get for my wife. Singleton—What are you to get? Wedderly—Why—er—I've forgotten what it was.—New Yorker.

They Were Not There.

"Are these men the future husbands of our daughters?" said a matron at the afternoon swell wedding reception.

"No," said a knowing mother. "They are downtown, making a living."—Cleveland Leader.

Too Much Chin.

Gasaway—My razor's in pretty poor condition. I believe it's tired. You know, they say razors get that way. Sharply (wearily)—Ah, yes; tired of your chin.—Pittsburg Post.

"Lots of men," said Uncle Eben, "kin look wise an' lots kin talk wise, but de men dat kin act wise is mighty scarce."—Washington Star.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Pain in Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.
For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

Street Arabs Who Rise.

Newsboys and street arabs often make admirable clerks. The way they work into commercial houses is astonishing. A large percentage of public and prosperous business men of Angeles began as newsboys, but probably no one realizes how many work their way up from the gutter to wealth and influence. They begin as hangers on and are recruited from the ranks of every class of street gamin. Their wits have been sharpened by contact with the sordid side of life and by observation in the school of the street. They know the value of friends. So they are to be found at the door of every big house, ready at any time to run an errand, always at hand to pick up an umbrella or open a door. And before the people who regularly pass in and out of the doors of the place realize it one of these little chaps they have been accustomed to see is on the pay roll. Somebody has bought him a six dollar suit of clothes to put him more at ease with the people and weather, and he is on the road that in a surprising number of cases leads to success.—New York Press.

Seidl's Silent Tongue.

One of the most striking anecdotes told in Hermann Klein's "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London" relates to Anton Seidl's first interview with Wagner in the library at Wahnfried. Seidl found the room dark, and, imagining nobody was there, he pulled out his letter of introduction and began silently rehearsing the speech he had prepared. Suddenly from out of the gloomy corner Wagner appeared, and Seidl was so nervous that he could not bring out a sentence of his speech. This proved to be his salvation, for Wagner, declaring, "If you can work as well as you can hold your tongue, you will do," engaged him on the spot.

Still Innocent.

"Senator, what was the nearest you ever came to being bribed?" asked the girl who always blurts everything right out.

"It was the time I voted for the postal box bill and received 7,000 shares of stock in the concern that was to make the boxes when the bill gave it a monopoly of the business."

"I should think that was a clear case against you."

"No. The measure didn't go through, and the stock never amounted to anything."—Chicago Record-Herald.

One Description of It.

"What," asked the teacher, "do you understand by 'the strenuous life?' Does it convey any meaning to you?"

"Sure," replied the bad boy.

"What?"

"Why, what happens in the wood shed when pa gets home after you've been naughty," was the prompt reply.—Chicago Post.

Pleasurable.

It tickles a woman to death to plan if she had an income of $20,000 a year how much good she could do with the $100 of it she could not spend for clothes.—New York Press.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL	$200,000.00
SURPLUS	$30 000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts
respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.
HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.
HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne
Smethport - Penn'a

THIS WEEK

We are showing a large and beautiful line of Ladies' Dress Skirts. In these you will find correct styles and a perfect fit. Prices very low.

Any changes made free of charge.

Best grade flannelette and percale wrappers at reasonable prices.

Millinery is going at cost.

All New Idea Patterns 10c.

The New Idea Magazine 5c.

We give PURPLE STAMPS.

Mrs. H. E. Hinman,
Smethport, Pa.

Physicians have long been looking for a harmless headache cure. It has been produced by an eminent chemist of the National Capital. It is known as BROMO-PEPSIN. Besides curing every form of headache almost instantly, BROMO-PEPSIN is equally and as promptly efficacious in chronic and acute indigestion and the nervous disorders incident thereto. It is effervescent and pleasant to take and may be had of all up-to-date druggists at ten cents a bottle. It comes as a boon to mankind and womankind.

C. A. BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE

From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK
Main St. Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,
GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

For CASH only and Delivered Promptly.

Water St. Mill Sts. Smethport

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes

Smethport - Penn'a
March 5 1903

M M M
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 11, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in the 60th Congress from the 21st Congressional District, subject to the rules of the Republican party.

E. R. DRESSER.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 2, 1904.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Senator from the 35th Senatorial District of Pennsylvania, subject to the decision of the Republican party.

MYRON MASON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.

J. M. MORRISON.

Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.

J. W. CAMPBELL.

Kane, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.

S. D. WEAVER.

Smethport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1903.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.

J. F. DAVIS.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1904.

THE condition of Senator Marcus A. Hanna, who has been seriously ill for the past week, is considerably improved and his speedy recovery is hoped for.

HENRY W. OLIVER, the well-known iron manufacturer, capitalist and politician, died at his home in Pittsburg Monday morning, after an illness of two months.

THE announcement of W. W. Critchfield of Coudersport for State Senator from this district appears in Potter county papers. Mr. Critchfield will undoubtedly be the choice of Potter county but in the district it may be different.

SOME very encouraging reports come from Clearfield county in regard to the candidacy of Congressman Dresser for re-election and from present indications he will have little or no opposition from that county. Mr. Dresser is an honorable man who deserves re-election.

AS A distinguished mark of imperial favor toward the journalistic profession in Germany the Minister of Justice has issued an order forbidding, in future, the handcuffing of editors on the way to prison, in the absence of special instructions. This act of consideration for editors who have been arrested, is certainly to be appreciated and is indicative of the fact that the liberty of the German press is at least respected in minor details. Why even in Pennsylvania—but never mind. Nothing is gained by telling hard-luck stories.—Bradford Era.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 6, 1904.

Preliminary skirmishes in the presidential campaign thus far have been decidedly satisfactory. Little is now heard of the "Hanna boom" and all discontent in Republican ranks is expected to disappear after the delegates to Chicago are chosen. The president has expressed the wish that good men who are not office holders may be sent, and there are a plenty of such. The troubles of the Democrats are so much greater than those of the Republicans that attention is now largely concentrated upon that party. The very existence of its principles, says Burke Cockran, depend upon its success in the pending campaign. The "check and check-book" campaign of Mr. Hearst is noticeable, but it is not likely to cause the White House to be painted yellow for a generation to come. Senator Gorman's troubles in Maryland in trying to land a Senator of his own choice, may yet relegate him to his sylvan retreat at Laurel, Md., so far as presidential aspirations are concerned. Gen. Grosvenor of Ohio says President Roosevelt has put a star in the crown of his administration brighter than any American president has worn for the past thirty years. Senator Fairbanks is on the slate for vice president, and if the plot matures it will go far towards solving the problem in Indiana.

Senator Fairbanks made a long speech on the 2d inst. vindicating the president's action in the Panama affair. He maintained that the form of government instituted in Panama after the revolution was of no consequence; the essence was did it represent the wishes of the people. He would accept the president's and Secretary Hay's word that the United States in no way abetted or aided the revolution, which was in the air, as a result of Colombia's long tyranny. The president had large discretion to do what he thought best and he acted from his point of view.

Senator Foraker (Ohio) has introduced a bill to so amend the inter-state and anti-trust acts as to permit contracts or combinations in restraint of trade, if the restraint is reasonable. This would leave the courts to say what is reasonable restraint. The senator contends that to prohibit contracts in restraint of trade which are reasonable differs from the common law rule which has obtained for centuries in England. It is considered improbable that this bill will pass.

One of the jobs before Congress is the bill to purchase the sequoia groves in California. At the last session the price asked was $150,000. At this session it has grown to $250,000. Congressman Wiley of N. Y. proposes to impose on the treasury the Bank of England rule that paper currency once redeemed is never to be reissued. By a vote of 39 to 20 the senate has agreed to allow the president to use his own judgment as to what information might be given that body when asked for. The case of Senator Smoot, on trial for Mormonism, comes up this week. He has no intention of resigning. The interstate commerce committee is hearing arguments on the Quarles' bill which proposes to give the commission power to check exorbitant railroad rates. The House has voted the sum of $170,000 as pay to clerks for extra services during the war with Spain. Senator Foraker has introduced a bill to purchase ten acres of land on Meridian Hill, Washington, for $750,000, on which to build a new and magnificent White House.

The supreme court is taking a three weeks' vacation to give the justices time to write decisions on cases argued, including that of the Northern Securities Company, and it has given leave to Georgia to file a bill against Tennessee on account of "the Ducktown nuisance." It has decided that North Carolina must pay North Dakota the sum of $27,400 for bonds of the N. C. Railway Company, held by the prosecuting State, or the marshall of the court will sell at public auction all the interest of N. C. in 100 shares of the capital stock of the road. The attorney general of the Philippines is in Washington to argue before the court the right of trial by jury in those islands, also whether a person shall be twice placed in jeopardy of punishment for the same offence.

Secretary Wilson thinks the farmer is not getting enough for his beef, or the consumer is paying too much. He believes the retailer absorbs most of the difference. Secretary Shaw has issued a circular in which he says citizens of the U. S. returning from the old world may fetch home free from duty personal effects not exceeding $100 in value, but they must not do this too often. Ex-Gov. Francis, who is running the St. Louis Fair, is in town, asking Congress for a loan of $1,500,000 to be secured by a lien on the gate receipts. Why? Because as usual "the original estimates were too low." Congressman Littlefield of Maine will retire and practice law in Boston. He is disappointed at the failure of his attempts to secure legislation for the people. Senator Morgan announces that he has nearly his last speech on the Panama treaty. Senator Dietrich is back from Nebraska and wants to be investigated by the Senate. His request has been granted. Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces tribe of Indians is doing the city.

Thursday, the 4th inst., more than fifty Republican editors arrived in Washington from New York, the guests of Senator Depew, who brought them over in Pullman cars. At a meeting on their arrival they were addressed by ex-Governor Black and Senators Platt and Depew. The same evening they attended a White House reception given to members of Congress. Yesterday afternoon the President received them and in the evening Senator and Mrs. Depew gave them a grand reception.

On the 30th ult. the Gridiron Club gave its annual dinner. The ball of the Southern Relief Society for the benefit of destitute Southern people in Washington was given on the 1st inst. and proved to be a social success. The same day the president gave a small dinner to ex-Secretary Root, who has resumed the practice of law in New York. On the 3rd inst. the Grand Army gave a dinner to Gen. J. C. Black. The president, Gov. Taft and Lieut. Gen. Miles spoke. The Women Suffragists will meet in convention on the 11th inst. in this city. January was the coldest month Washington has seen in 11 years. Mean temperature 27.5. The ground was continuously covered with snow, or rather with ice. More than two hundred people were injured by falling, some of them quite seriously, including Supreme Justice White, Rev. Dr. Easton and Congressmen Sulloway, Smith and Godfrey Hunter of Kentucky. They are all out again.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINISTRATORS, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February A. D. 1904:

First and final account of L. L. Crocker, administrator of the estate of Benjamin Crocker, deceased.

Final account of Anna R. Davis, administratrix of the estate of George M. D. Davis, deceased.

First final and distributive account of W. A. Blakeman, administrator of the estate of W. W. Blakeman, deceased.

First and final account of Frank D. Simar and Byron R. Simar, administrators of the estate of William Simar, deceased.

First and final account of Edward L. Leonhart, executor of the last Will and Testament of Maria L. McKeel, deceased.

First final and distributive account of Elizabeth Gallup and Fred D. Gallup, administrators of the estate of W. D. Gallup, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, surviving executor of the last Will and Testament of P. H. Arnold, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, executor of the last Will and Testament of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, guardian of Keith E. Dalrymple, minor child of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

First and final account of John E. Dusenbury, guardian of Hugh A. Dalrymple, minor child of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1904.

Our Sale is Just Beginning

The old adage—"Large Bodies Move Slowly," illustrates pretty correctly the progress of our sale. Like an engine on the up-grade, we keep the lever open and steam up all the time. The people who buy keep puffing and blowing about the bargains they get. And under the impetus given at the start the big engine of trade runs smoothly each day with steadily increasing momentum. The garments sold since the sale started, Jan. 19 are only a drop in the bucket compared with the number on hand at the start. What have been sold will never be missed. The only way we notice the stock depreciation is by the full cash drawyer. This sale is on yet, and will continue until stock is reduced to normal condition, be the time soon or long. We shall continue to sell overcoats and suits and furnishings and hats for man and boy at cost, and less than cost, and Y.O.U are invited.

IKE SIMONS, BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE 18-18 Main street, Bradford, Pa.

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's For Fresh HOME-MADE CANDIES try us.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 23, October Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ada Marshall did, on the 4th day of June, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward L. Marshall.

We therefore command you, the said Edward L. Marshall, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Ada Marshall and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ada Marshall, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 26, 1904.

J. R. Haughney, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 213, June Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Dollie M. Keller did, on the 2d day of May, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward C. Keller.

We therefore command you, the said Edward C. Keller, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Dollie M. Keller and show cause, if any you have, why the said Dollie M. Keller, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 25, 1904.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 207, October Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss.—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Margaret May Bishop did, on the 31st day of August, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Bishop.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Bishop, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Margaret May Bishop and show cause, if any you have, why the said Margaret May Bishop, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1904.

Gallup & Bouton Libellant's Attorneys.

Incorporation Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania on Friday, February 19, 1904, by Frank G. Lindholm, Ralph E. Burdick and Arthur L. Youmans, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called "The Lindholm Company," the character and object of which is "For the purpose of buying, selling and dealing in dry goods, carpets, notions, boots and shoes," and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

GALLUP & BOUTON, Solicitors.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 25, 1904.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

That's our business—dealing in Shoes—and we carry a large and complete assortment of fashionable Shoes at prices that are sure to please.

We aim to please all our customers and judging from past experience we believe we do.

If in need of anything in the line of

FOOTWEAR

come in, examine our line and get prices.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

WHEN IN NEED OF A PLUMBER

It is cheapest to get the best. We guarantee to do first class work at prices that are right. Estimates cheerfully given.

PLUMBING,
GAS FITTING,
SPOUTING,
TIN WORK,

Have secured the services of THOMAS CLARK, an experienced plumber, and am better preppred to do all work of that nature.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK, Smethport.

BIG REDUCTIONS DURING JANUARY.

Clothes to Order.

May We Have Your Measure?

Our Tailoring Department is organized to run like clock work. The artistic taste of our cutter, the skill of our tailors and the value in our woolens are all on a par. Everything is the best money can command, yet we are not high priced.

A tailor should be judged by the clothes he makes, not by the prices he asks. Judge us that way.

We Take the Risk of Pleasing You.

Cutter, maker and finisher must all work in harmony or there can be no sureness of style and fit; from the first snip of the shears till the last inspection, the suit or garment is never for an instant in the jingle of uncertainty.

Try us on your next Suit or Overcoat.

Remember the garments are not yours until you say "perfectly satisfied."

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

When visiting store of

D. C. YOUNG

Do not forget to call for

Purple Trading Stamps.

When your book is full you can get one of the best premiums ever offered for stamps.

AM REDUCING THE PRICE OF MANY

Winter Goods

I have fitted up a bargain counter upon which customers will find many things of interest to them.

Do not fail to look at

Flannelette Wrappers for Women

Have a large lot of them which I have bought very cheap and am selling for cost. Have also a lot of New Spring Goods which were brought before the advance in price of cotton. It will pay you to look at my stock before buying elsewhere. Trading stamps given with every purchase of ten cents or more.

D. C. YOUNG,

SMETHPORT, PA., Jan. 26 1904.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

KODAKS.

We carry a full line of the best Kodak made The Eastman. All purchasers are given full instructions how to use the instrument and develop pictures.

SUPPLIES.

A complete line always on hand for our customers.

McCoy's Drug Store.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

RED STAMPS **F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.** RED STAMPS

Feb. 6th to Mar. 1st

FEBRUARY WHITE GOODS SALE OF

Galland Bros. Sanitary Muslin Under Garments.

Embroideries	**Long Cloths**
Laces	**Nainsooks**
India Linons	**Marcelias**
Swisses, plain and dotted	**Striped and Barred Muslin**
Persian Lawns	**Bordered Apron Lawns**
French Lawns	**Dimities**

Most of our White Goods for this Sale were purchased before the raise in the price of cotton, consequently we are offering them now at a great saving to our customers. Below we quote a few prices in our Muslin Underwear.

GOWNS.

Full Size Embroidery Muslin Trimmed Muslin Gowns	48c
Full Size Embroidery Trimmed Cambric Gowns	69c
Full Size Lace or Embroidery Trimmed Cambric Gowns	98c
Large assortment of better grades $1.19 to $4.50.	

CORSET COVERS.

Plain or Embroidery trimmed Muslin Corset Covers	17c
Lace or Embroidery trimmed Muslin Corset Covers	24c
Fine Embroidery trimmed Cambric Corset Covers	29c
Fine Embroidery or Lace trimmed Cambric Corset Covers	39c
All styles of fine Cambric Corset Covers	48c
Better grades from 75c to $3.50 each.	

SKIRTS.

Good quality Muslin Skirt, with double flounce trimmed with tucking	49c
Fine Muslin Skirt, embroidery trimmed	69c
Fine Muslin Skirt, embroidery trimmed deep double flounce	98c
A dozen different styles from $1.19 to $7.75 each.	

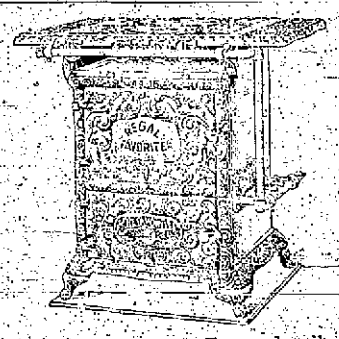
CHEMISE.

Fine Muslin Chemise	98c
Embroidery or Lace trimmed Cambric Chemise	$1.79
Embroidery trimmed Cambric Chemise	$2.25

DRAWERS.

Ladies' fine Muslin Drawers trimmed with tucking	23c
Ladies' fine Muslin Drawers, embroidery trimmed	39c
Ladies' fine Muslin Drawers, embroidery trimmed	48c
Misses' and Children's fine Muslin Drawers	18c
Misses' and Children's drawers, hemstitch trimmed	23c

Red Stamps **F. G. LINDHOLM & CO.** Red Stamps



AN UNASSAILABLE POSITION.

Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only thro Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of, the best anybody can make. As a result Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends than any other gas range on the market. Herr Detlefs, one of the best noted cooks in the country, and who for the past few weeks has been conducting a class in cooking in this borough, has the following to say of the Favorite Gas Range:

"I use only Favorite Gas Ranges because I have found them to be the best. They do perfect work and are superior to all others in my judgments I am not employed by the company who make them, or paid for this testimonial. The excellent satisfaction these ranges have given me justifies me in recommending them."

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 11, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Lent begins next Wednesday.

—Don't forget to vote next Tuesday.

—Note the change in time table of P., S. & N. R. R.

—Holmes & Gilfillan are advertising mantles this week.

—Miss Agnes McCoy is confined to the house with illness.

—Don't forget the masquerade ball at Howe's hall next Monday night.

—Covington, Pa., has a new brass band. All the members are girls.

—Now is a good time to pay your subscription account if you have been neglecting this duty.

—James H. Waring, Republican, was elected mayor of Olean at the municipal election last Tuesday.

—C. M. Colegrove has been persuaded to allow his name to remain on the Republican ticket for school director.

—The employes of the Camp glass works resumed operations at midnight Tuesday after a two days' shut down caused by the high water.

—Bradford has a case of small-pox, but as strict quarantine regulations are maintained there is little fear of the disease becoming epidemic.

—An investigation made by Pure Food Commissioner A. D. Gould shows that ten grocery firms of Bradford have been selling adulterated food.

—Attorney T. H. Morrison is now occupying his beautiful new office on Main street and is now better prepared to attend to his increasing business.

—The firemen of St. Marys are holding a fair, the purpose of which is to raise money for a new building to be used as a hose and club house.

—The Humane Society of Bradford and Smethport will give a lecture in the near future for the Hudson family, of which we have heard so much.

—In another column of this paper appears the broad-gauge ad of The William Hengerer Co. of Buffalo, calling attention to the great removal sale which is now on. Read the ad.

—The Book Club conducted by the Epworth League is to be reorganized. Anyone desiring to join will be admitted if he gives his name to Miss Day or Miss Colegrove on before February 19.

—The ladies of the M. E. church will hold a pancake supper in Epworth chapel Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 16, from 5:30 to 8 p. m. Everybody welcome. Come and enjoy the sausages and pancakes.

—"The Beauty Doctor," one of the best musical comedies on the road, will be at the Lyceum Saturday, Feb. 20. This company carries 50 people and is meeting with splendid success in the larger cities.

—About thirty of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rauch tendered them a surprise party at their home last Thursday evening. The evening was spent in playing cards and excellent refreshments were served.

—The year 1903 at the Goodyears' big sawmill at Galeton was a record breaker. According to an official statement recently sent out 80,351,018 feet of lumber was cut at this mill during the year just closed. It is said that this mill cuts more lumber yearly than any other mill in the United States. Until this mill was rebuilt in 1902, the Austin mill took the lead. Since that time the output of the Galeton mill has been the greatest.

—The Daily Reporter of Independence, Kas., of Feb. 8, says: "Mr. and Mrs. Doyle rejoice in the birth of a fine daughter, the event occurring last night." The happy parents are both well-known here.

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday next the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The Lenten services will be announced. On Ash Wednesday, February 17, the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 4:15 p. m.

—The Svanzhetahns drove to Mt. Alton last Wednesday evening, where Miss Fleming, one of the members and a teacher in our schools, entertained them with a sumptuous dinner. Their courage in taking such a long, cold drive was rewarded by the royal hospitality given them by Miss Fleming.

—If there is any virtue in "luck" talismans, A. J. Warshofsky will be wearing diamonds bigger than pumpkins ere the close of the present year. He recently received from Jas. A. Webb & Co., New York, a calendar representing a barn door, upon which were fastened a rusty horseshoe, a rabbit's foot, a four-leaf clover and a wishbone. The calendar is an original and unique affair and Mr. Warshofsky takes great pride in showing it to his friends.

—Sunday evening as a prominent young woman was going home from church she was accosted by a strange young man who insisted on seeing her home. She rebuked him, but he persisted and the lady was forced to run into the nearest house to escape the ruffian. This is not the first time ladies have been insulted on the street by fresh young men trying to make a mash and our officers should use every effort to make an example of one of these loathsome beings.

—Mt. Jewett had a sand storm on Tuesday of last week. During the blizzard it was noticed that the snow appeared to be of a light brown tint and an examination proved that a liberal percentage of brown sand was mixed with the snow. The Herald says: A considerable quantity of the sand has been collected by Uncle George Burdick, who was greatly interested in the phenomena, and declares it to be the first experience of the kind that has come to him in his long life of 84 years.

—Charles W. Goodyear of Buffalo has been elected vice president of the B., R. & K. Ry. and A. B. Campbell has been appointed general superintendent. It was generally supposed the E., B. & K. would be operated in connection with the Buffalo & Susquehanna, but the statement is made that such will not be the case, at least for the present. The same interests own both roads. Just as soon as the weather will permit extensive repairs on the B., R. & K. are to be started. The road will be put in first-class shape, and will undoubtedly be a creditable road under the new management and ownership.

—Rev. Father Michael J. Dueker of St. John's Roman Catholic church of Erie, Pa., has received notice of his appointment as a domestic prelate in the household of Pope Pius X. The notice came in the form of a papal brief with signet ring impress and signature of the Pope and attestation by Cardinal Macchia, through Rt. Rev. John E. Fitzmaurice, bishop of the diocese of Erie. The honor of the appointment carries with it the title of Monsignor and the new dignity will entail Father Dueker's investiture with the purple insignia of his official designation, which ceremony will be performed Sunday, Feb. 14.

Death of James Conley.

James Conley died at the home of his daughter, Miss Sarah, on High street, this borough, at 1 o'clock Monday morning, aged about 90 years.

The deceased was born in Monihan county, Ireland, in 1814, and when about 20 years of age moved to Canada where he lived a few years. He was married to Miss Mary McNally and a few years later moved to the United States and settled in this county where he has since resided. Mr. Conley is survived by five children, namely: Mrs. Elizabeth Burns of Kane, Barney of Olean, Thomas, Peter and Sarah of this place who mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate father.

The funeral was held from St. Elizabeth's church at 7 o'clock this morning and his remains were laid at rest in the cemetery at Sartwell.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 6, 1904:

Mrs. Arthur Baker, Myron Burns, Andrew Costello 3, John Dillon, P. Kelleher, J. McEgresh, Chas. Mahley, Mrs. P. Magury, Mrs. Florence Mayers, Mrs. J. A. Parks, Chester Parker, Sammie Paul, Mrs. Jennie Rice, Christy Smith, Mary Smith, Charles Smith, Mary E. Scoville, Mrs. Rose Wright. Foreign—Signor Luigi Sunfelice.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

Florida.

The second Jacksonville tour of the season via the Pennsylvania Railroad, allowing two weeks in Florida, leaves New York, Philadelphia and Washington by special train February 16. Excursion tickets, including railway transportation; Pullman accommodations (one berth) and meals enroute in both directions while traveling on the special train will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50; Buffalo, $54.25; Rochester, $54; Elmira, $51.45; Erie, $54.85; Williamsport, $50; Wilkesbarre, $50.45, and at proportionate rates from other points. For tickets, itineraries and full information apply to ticket agents or address Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agt., Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Personal Mention.

O. J. Hamlin had business in Buffalo Saturday.

Mrs. Chas. Lemmler visited in Olean yesterday.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett is visiting in Olean this week.

Will Flaherty visited his parents in Bradford on Sunday.

Miss Beulah Holder visited Port Allegany friends last week.

Miss Bessie Hussey attended a party at Mt. Jewett last night.

Miss Mae Gallup of Norwich was a visitor in town Saturday.

Rev. G. H. Patterson was a business visitor in Pittsburg this week.

Hon. and Mrs. J. W. Bouton were visitors in Bradford last Friday.

Mrs. Gardiner Young of Geneva, N. Y., has been visiting D. C. Young and family.

George Shepard drove over from Port Allegany and spent Sunday with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Palmer returned home last Thursday from a visit to Tidioute.

Mrs. A. R. Braden of Clarrington is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham.

Mrs. Gardiner Young of Geneva, N. Y., is visiting Mrs. L. H. Young of Farmers Valley.

Elmer H. Brown of the firm of E. F. McCann & Co., Bradford, had business in town yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forrest, Mrs. T. A. Morrison and Fred D. Gallup were Bradford visitors on Friday.

Mrs. A. A. McCollum of DuBois was in town on Monday night on the way to join her husband in Marion, Indiana.

Howard Schobert of Jersey Shore, Pa., was called here last week by the serious condition of his brother, Elmer.

D. C. Young was snowbound in Olean Thursday last, as no train from Buffalo reached Smethport until Friday afternoon.

Mrs. D. C. Young and daughter went to Buffalo Tuesday afternoon where Miss Young attended the Fraternity dance.

W. P. Beckwith of Ormsby, the genial Republican candidate for supervisor of Keating township, was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday.

Mrs. Roy S. Blowers and two children of Westfield, N. Y., returned to their home Saturday after a visit with Mrs. Blower's mother, Mrs. J. W. Brennan of Mechanic street.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace H. Redfield, Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin and daughter, Miss Janette, Misses Helen and Ruth Forrest, Helen McCoy and Scott F. Redfield left Monday for a week's visit in New York city.

Charles Nixon left for New Castle yesterday. He was called there by the death of his nephew, Thomas Nixon, who was well known here. The deceased was 21 years old and his death was caused from a severe cold caught by falling into the water while skating.

Nearly Asphyxiated.

A break in the gas line on West Main street last Saturday night came very near costing the lives of Sanford Bloomberg and family early last Sunday morning. The line to Mrs. Musser's house broke and the escaping gas got into the sewer from Bloomberg's cellar filling the building almost to a point of suffocation. Some time before daylight Mrs. Bloomberg awoke and noticed the strong odor of gas, but she was so nearly asphyxiated from the fumes that she hardly realized the danger or what was the matter. She finally awoke her husband, who was not quite so far gone, and they then threw open the windows and made a search for the trouble. Mrs. Bloomberg's parents and three brothers were in the house and they were also nearly suffocated. Had Mrs. Bloomberg not awakened as she did we undoubtedly would have been called upon to report a terrible accident of asphyxiation or explosion this week.

Arrested a Monkey.

The Bradford Era of Friday says: The police were summoned last night to the office of Dr. Hewitt owing to a disturbance in the apartments, which was not conducive to the peace and quietude of the building. It was a moral certainty that either a riot or assault and battery case was in progress, but the police on entering the place discovered the doctor attempting to catch a small Brazilian monkey, which persisted in eluding his grasp. The majesty of the law had to be satisfied in some manner and after a brief deliberation it was decided to take the monkey into custody. The little animal now occupies the woman's apartment of the lockup, although the name of the prisoner or the charge against him are not registered on the police docket.

"Do It To-Day."

The time-worn injunction, "Never put off 'til to-morrow what you can do to-day," is now generally presented in this form: "Do it to-day!" That is the terse advice we want to give you about that hacking cough or demoralizing cold with which you have been struggling for several days, perhaps weeks. Take some reliable remedy for it to-day—and let that remedy be Dr. Boschee's German Syrup, which has been in use for over thirty-five years. A few doses of it will undoubtedly relieve your cough or cold and its continued use for a few days will cure you completely. No matter how deep-seated your cough, even if dread consumption has attacked your lungs, German Syrup will surely effect a cure—as it has done before in thousands of apparently hopeless cases of lung trouble. Now, trial bottles, 25c; regular size, 75c. At H. C. Wells.

Subscribe to the MINER.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

We Give Yellow Trading Stamps.

WHITE GOODS EMBROIDERIES

We want you to see these new stocks while they are crisp and fresh.

Early selections are much more satisfactory in every way. We offer now a complete assortment of all the wanted weaves in white cotton goods from Muslins and Lawns to exquisite Poplins, Fissues, Etamines, etc.

The new embroideries are strikingly pretty. Our collection includes all weights and a great variety of matched sets of different widths with insertions.

Two new ideas prettily wrought are the Teneriffe and Mexican work.

ON SALE THIS WEEK.

BETTER MAKE IT A POINT TO SEE THEM NOW.

NIGHT'S COMFORT IS

-LIGHT!-

Now is your opportunity to make ur e comfortable. Having an immense stock of MANTLES made especially for us by the Welsbach Co. we wish to reduce it and are making special inducements for one week only.

THE HOO-HOO.

The best 10c mantle made. Never sold under 10c straight. During this sale $1.00 a doz. in dozen lots only.

THE 1903.

A cap mantle that sells at 15c straight (and as good as any 25c mantle). Steady, Brilliant, Economical. During this sale $1.50 per dozen.

We have others at 10c or 3 for 25c, and 15c or 3 for 25c. The Juno Cap, a powerful mantle of 200 candle power.

We also carry a complete stock of Globes of all kinds from the most common to the best. Burners of all kinks, canopies, chandeliers and gas brackets.

It will pay you to look into this.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.

Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.

Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.

They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block **THE FAMOUS** Smethport Penna.

CLOTHING STORE.

CONFIDENCE

brought the crowd to our

BIG REDUCTION SALE

which began last week. Quality and low price made a great many new customers, and pleased the old ones.

VALUES SO GREAT

have never been offered before, and now comes the

CLEANUP-SALE

of small broken lots of OVERCOATS, and to dispose of them quickly regular $7.50, $8.50 and $9.50 OVERCOATS, will go at $6.00
$10.00, $12.50 and 13.50 " " $7.50
others reduced in proportion, ALL SIZES.

Wm. Monheimer.

HER FRANK OPINION

By A. S. RICHARDSON

Copyright, 1903, by T. C. McClure

Suzanne's voice rose decisively above the exclamations of dismay.

"It might have been worse, and Miss Cranford can mend it."

She ran into the hall and leaned over the balustrade. A young man, good to look upon and evidently fresh from riding, was watching the florists at work.

"Frank!"

"Cousin mine?"

"Will you please go"—

"I will," responded the young man, running up the stairs—"anywhere you wish."

"Bless you, dear," said Suzanne, dragging Frank into her mother's room, where six pairs of feminine eyes rested despairingly on a hideous three cornered tear in Suzanne's wedding

THE "FOOTMAN" CRUSHED HIS RIDING HAT IN HIS HANDS.

veil. "That must be mended, and only one woman in town can do such work—Elsa Cranford. Now, if"—

"Where does she live?" Frank picked up the cloud of lace, yellowed by time, and looked at it critically. "I suppose that if you were not marrying a lord you would wear a nice, clean, new veil that would not tear when you looked at it. This is rotten."

Mrs. Lynde was shocked.

"But this is an heirloom. It isn't every girl who can be married in the veil worn by her mother and her grandmother before her."

Frank bit his lips. He wanted to say that the average girl who married a title through the more or less flagrant mediation of a social matrimonial broker did not care to discuss her grandmother. When he had heard in Paris of his cousin's engagement to this heir of an impoverished English name, he had discovered that, even after two years' wandering on the face of the globe, Americanism was strong within him, and he hated to see the bulk of the Lynde fortune go to build up a decrepit English estate.

"You will find Miss Cranford at 213 Elmhurst avenue. Tell her she must do it at once and wait for it. We cannot take chances at this hour. Pay her anything—everything, but have it done. Tell Forbesto the brougham must meet the 11:20 train, and the"—

"Don't apologize, Suzanne," laughed her cousin, taking the package. "If you had a whole racing stable at your command today every horse would be out. I'll use my own mount and enjoy the ride."

And so he rode away past the stately mansions of industrial magnates, past the less pretentious homes of real suburbanites, into a sleepy, country-like lane lined on either side with small cottages and gay gardens. At 213 he tied his horse to the cup of a new bronze jockey and stalked up the path. A slender, graceful young woman was training a climbing rose on the shady side of the porch. She drew off her garden gloves as Frank stated his errand and stood in the warm June sunlight studying the torn veil critically.

"It will take at least an hour," she said, turning toward the house. "Will you wait?"

"Yes, thank you."

He sat down on the step and removed his hat. Above him on one side of the table, strewn with magazines, papers and sewing materials, sat an elderly woman with carefully dressed white hair. On the opposite side of the table was a vacant chair. Miss Cranford paused before it, looked at the unconscious Mr. Lynde with a slight frown and sat down. After all there was not such a wide breach between the status of a footman in a millionaire's household and a professional mender. Besides, under existing conditions at the Lynde residence a tired footman might be forgiven a slight breach of discipline.

She clipped her thread thoughtfully. Dame Fortune moved in a mysterious way. There was young Harry Lynde, brother of the bride, insignificant and stupid, and here was a footman molded on the lines of a Gibson model, with the easy grace which no end of dancing lessons could impart to the unfortunate Harry.

The little garden was very quiet, and Elsa's needle flew in and out of the lacy weave. Finally Mrs. Cranford's curiosity triumphed over her dignity.

"I suppose everything is ready for the wedding?"

"Everything, I believe." He frowned slightly.

"It is a great occasion, with Lord This and Lady That coming all the way from England, but every time I think of that poor child"—

"Do stop that nonsense, mother," exclaimed Elsa sharply. "She does not deserve pity, no matter what comes to her in the future. She marries Lord Harwood with her eyes open. She knows the man's past, she knows his need of her money, and she knows"—

The "footman" crushed his riding hat in his hands.

"My dear, you are so positive."

"Well, mother, dear, we ought to know. The papers have contained no other news for weeks. And they will be full of it again when she sues for a divorce. It is all so very silly. Everything that man can give her she could buy with her own money. The one thing he cannot give her money cannot buy, yet that one thing, I or any girl without a dollar to her name may have some day—the honest love of an honest man. I may be old fashioned, but I believe that with some women love still counts, and when it does it is everything—far, far above titles, coronets, castles and a corner in the queen's throne room."

Silence once more fell upon the trio. The sliming needle fairly flew. The girl's bright eyes were fixed on her work. The man, gazing through the vista of prim gardens and close cropped trees, was murmuring under his breath, "The honest love of an honest man."

Would she understand the difference between that little affair of three months in old Japan and an "honest love?" Then there had been Madeline! But that could not count! Why, he had even forgotten her last name!

Miss Cranford was folding the precious veil.

"Perhaps you would like to see the ceremony in the church?"

"Could you"—

"Yes—I know—er—where the cards are kept."

Mrs. Cranford protested. Her daughter smiled scornfully.

"They would not mind, mother. It's all a part of the show."

A tinge of color spread over the "footman's" face. He paused on the lower step.

"I'll send—I mean I'll bring the card over this afternoon."

* * * * * * *

Elsa Cranford in a simple dimity frock and a flower trimmed hat was caught in the crush of scintillating robes. An usher with a gardenia in his coat was just offering his arm to a stately dowager when he dropped something. He bent over, and the dowager was passed on to another usher. When the first man straightened up he extended his arm to Elsa. She gave one gasp, and all the color faded from her face; then, with head proudly uplifted, she started down the aisle at his side.

"Please don't look like that," he whispered. "It was beastly coldish of me, but I do look a bit like Harry's Englishman, and—and—well, I'm glad I heard your frank opinion on such things anyhow."

They were at the pew door. She slipped in without a word, but as she raised her eyes she caught the pleading look in his, and the rose color came back to her cheeks.

* * * * * * *

The wedding party and guests had left the church. Reporters with note books and sightseers crowded around the chancel. Elsa walked slowly toward the side entrance. The vestry room door opened suddenly, and Frank Lynde stepped out. He bent his head gravely, and there was no laughter in his eyes now.

"Will you tell your mother, please, that directly this infernal excitement is over I am coming to call personne propre? For I understand that she and dad were good friends in the old days, and—and I want you to think of me as an honest man."

But it was six months before she would admit the fact, and then she simply reiterated her statement that she did not envy the Countess of Harwood.

Strength From Proper Breathing.

The Japanese, although men of very small stature, are among the strongest in the world. Any boy of fourteen or fifteen who will faithfully practice their system of producing strength will find himself at the end of a few months able to cope in feats of power with the average man of twenty-five, and all this without the dangerous practice of lifting very heavy weights.

It should always be remembered that rest must be taken after each exercise. While resting try deep breathing. Stand erect, though not in a strained position, and at each breath draw the abdomen in and throw the chest out. As the breath is exhaled let the chest fall inward again and the abdomen outward. From twenty minutes to half an hour is a long enough time to devote to Jiu-jitsu, and this includes the time spent in breathing during rests, for deep, correct breathing is in itself one of the best exercises possible. In inhaling draw the breath through either the nostrils or the mouth, as preferred. In exhaling always let the breath escape through the mouth.—St. Nicholas.

Two Views of a Cold.

When a woman has a bad cold she is usually told by her masculine relatives that it is a visitation sent upon her because she is imprudent and deserves nothing better. When a man has a cold he regards it as a curious dispensation of Providence visited upon him, because "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."—Baltimore News.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

GAMES OF CHILDREN

SURVIVALS, AS A RULE, OF ANCIENT RITES AND CUSTOMS.

"London Bridge" Possesses an Exceedingly Sinister Significance, and "Hopscotch" Originated in the Old Myth of the Minotaur's Labyrinth.

It is a fact that English boys and girls in their plays and pastimes are the unconscious keepers of the archaic archives of our forbears. Children are instinctive conservatives. They play the old games and repeat the old rhymes century after century with little if any variation.

"Blind man's buff," for example, a survival of the rites peculiar to the worship of Odin, the sightless deity, is played today exactly as it was played 2,000 years ago.

So, too, is "tag," which was originally a fragment of a sacred pantomime or miracle play, portraying the old, old story of Diana and her nymphs.

In "London bridge is broken down" we are treated to the entire ritual of the foundation sacrifice, that widespread hideous custom which decreed that a living child must be sacrificed to the god of the structure ere it could be expected to stand firm.

First, it will be remembered, the children urge alternative measures. "London bridge is broken down," cry the two leaders, standing with uplifted hands clasped so as to form an arch beneath which the other little players race as if in dread.

"Build it up with bricks and mortar," is the reply.

"Bricks and mortar will mold away."

"Build it up with penny loaves, with gold and silver, set a man to watch all day, set a dog to bark all night," and the rest of it.

Then, lastly, the hands are unclasped, the "arch" falls, catching one of the players, preferably a little girl, in its mock descent, after which all the children shout in unison: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Now 'twill last for aye and a day, with a fair lady."

An allied game is called "threading the needle." A chain of children pass under an arch formed by the uplifted joined hands of two other children, one being eventually taken prisoner in the usual way. Sussex children say this "makes the wheat grow." French children cry in unison while racing under the arch: "Oats, oats, oats! May the good God prosper you!"

Here we get a relic of the immolation of the meriah, or sacred sacrificial victim, to the corn god of the ancients, a custom once everywhere prevalent, and continued until quite lately at Benin city, in India, and elsewhere.

"Hopscotch" is an old game. Its germ was almost certainly the labyrinth and the well nigh universal myth of the Minotaur. Afterward, on the introduction of Christianity, the labyrinth was abandoned, to be replaced by the ground plan of the basilica, the earliest Christian church.

The players divided it in seven parts, as they believed heaven to be divided, and placed paradise in the position of the altar, the inner sanctum of their earthly church. The whole game came then to represent the progress of the soul from earth to heaven through various intermediate states, the name given to the last "court" being invariably "paradise" or its equivalent.

Well worship, one of the earliest and most widespread of religious cults, is symbolized in many games, notably in the one where the children sing:

Draw a pail of water
For a lady's daughter.

The seesaw movement of the players at the beginning of this ancient and still popular game is intended to represent the raising of the water from the well. Next is announced the arrival of the devotee, "my lady's daughter," collecting flowers for decking the well (shrine), making a cake for presentation to the god (or goddess) of the well, offerings of jewelry, and so on. It can be by no mere chance that a game played by rustic village children today duplicates step by step each detail of the ritual of the primitive well worshipers.

It is the same with almost all the genuine old children's games. Everywhere can be traced degenerate, fragmentary survivals of the social life, ceremonies and religious practices of our early ancestors.

"Here we go round the mulberry bush," for instance, is a survival of tree worship. "Cat cradle," played practically by all savage and civilized peoples the world over, has its hidden significance of horrid rites. It is a commonplace, the important part played in black magic by string, cords and knots.

But it is the so called matrimonial games that throw the most lurid light on the social manners and customs of our prehistoric savage forefathers.

"Here we come gathering nuts in May" symbolizes that earliest form of sexual union, marriage by capture. In this game, as played to this very day on many a British village green, there enters absolutely no element of love or courtship. The object of each male child is to obtain possession of a female child by brute strength, and he always tries his luck or his skill "on a cold and frosty morning," of course.

In those dim, faraway days there were no roads. Across the frozen morasses into the wildest recesses of the swampy "forest primeval" he could under such atmospheric conditions bear his bride in safety.

"Kiss in the ring" brings us down to a far later date. The evolution of marriage has reached the point at which choice or selection becomes the dominant factor, although there is still the pretense of running away, the feigned resistance to capture and its concomitant betrothal.

Still more modern is the game known as "knights from Spain," in which one lad stands out pre-eminently from the others.

"I am a gentleman come from Spain;
I've come to court your daughter Jane,"

chants the child suitor, to which the "mother" of the assembled girls makes reply:

"My daughter Jane is yet too young
To listen to your forward tongue."

There is much more in the same style, but it ends up with the chorus, sung by both sides (all the children) in unison:

"Let her be young or let her be old
It's for her beauty she must be sold."

Here we get, of course, marriage by purchase, which everywhere superseded in course of time marriage by capture and which is not even yet by any means entirely extinct.

The worldwide custom which decreed that the bride should make and bake some dainty for her spouse on the wedding eve is daintily symbolized in the favorite old Kentish singing game:

(Polly) made a pudding so nice and sweet,
And (Johnnie) got his knife and cut it round so neat,
Saying, "Taste, love, taste, love, don't say nay,
For tomorrow-morrow-morrow is our wedding day."

Our bought wedding cake is of course an unsentimental survival of this pretty custom.

But perhaps the most interesting from the ethnologist's point of view of all children's games is that where the players sing the old familiar refrain, commencing:

Sallie, Sallie, water,
Sprinkle in the pan,
Cry Sallie, cry Sallie,
For a young man.

Here "water" is not the surname to Sallie, but actual water, as the context, "sprinkle in the pan," plainly shows. It is a relic of water worship, which everywhere has to do with love, marriage and children. "Cry" does not mean to weep, but to "cry" aloud her wish (for a young man), as the town "crier" to this day "cries" things, or as children "cry" forfeits.

Note that it is the girl now that makes known her need of a husband. The game is, in fact, a survival of the matriarchate of our remote pre-Celtic progenitors, that strange, little understood custom which gave to the women the privilege of wooing, of ruling, of inheriting, and relegated man to an altogether subordinate position in the communal homestead.—Pearson's Weekly.

COLOR BLIND PEOPLE.

Their Affliction Causes Them to Do Queer Things at Times.

A well known oculist, while discussing some of the various defects of the human eye which are not noticeable to the ordinary observer, had this to say about color blind people.

"The world must be a curious place to color blind people, of whom there are forty males and three females to every thousand persons. Some are blue-yellow blind, and everything seems either red, green or gray to them. Others are red-green blind, and all things appear to them to be yellow, blue or gray of various shades, and others again perceive no distinction of color at all, but the whole world wears an unchanging aspect of dull gray.

"To these last a visit to a picture gallery would reveal merely a collection of engravings or photographs. But the two former have the compensation of seeing their own two colors much more brightly than ordinary people.

"The color blind do extraordinary things at times. An officer of the navy went one day to buy material for a coat, vest and trousers. He bought a blue coat and red trousers, believing them of the same color. A British admiral painted a landscape and was very proud of his performance, but he made the tree red, thinking it the same color as green. When he purchased a pair of trousers he chose green ones, suspecting them to be brown.

"An architect's pupil, being directed to copy the picture of a brown house, made the house green, the sky scarlet and the roses blue.

"A postoffice clerk was always short in his accounts because he could not distinguish the different colored stamps, and a sedate Quaker has been known to buy a green coat for himself and a red gown for his wife, thinking they were both brown.

"If you see a man in the street with a preposterous display of colors, charitably believe him to be one of the color blind.

"Just why the eyes of women are less defective in the matter of distinguishing colors than those of men is one of the things in nature that are unexplained. The construction is the same, yet woman's superiority in matching colors has always been recognized even where man has had the advantage of long experience."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Winter Fodder in Kashmir.

In Kashmir they have a novel method of putting fodder up for winter use. The country lies in a valley among the Himalayas. The chief industry of the people consists in raising fine wool and in making this into fabrics which have carried the name of the country all over the world. As in winter snow lies some five or six yards deep, supplies of hay are hung among the branches of trees, where they are easily reached by the flocks of sheep.

Nothing In It.

Two men were lashing the air violently and hurling epithets at each other.

"Hold on," said a passerby to his companion. "Let's wait and see the scrap."

They stood and watched for a moment until it became evident that one of the disputants was afraid and the other "dassent."

"Come on," said the companion. "It's only a scrap of conversation."—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

INSURANCE.
Life, Fire and Accident written by
W. F. SPECHT
SMETHPORT, PA.

Odgen Directory

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Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
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High Constable—Andrew Ness.
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Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. H. McCoy, C. C. Choate.
Judge of Election—G. A. —ackus.
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

W. A. ANDOHER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work (military degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third; and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.

E. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GREGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE E. HODGE, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 341 meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES FYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 8 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. HIGHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

SAMUEL LOCK, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree and Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

L. F. WILCOX, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord F. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 29, 1903.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:22 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Chautauqua Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 120, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:22 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:58 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:26 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:25 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport.

12:25 p. m.—Train 2, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:25 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:28 a. m., Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg, Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, a. m. Sundays). Baltimore a. m., Washington 9:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
8 35	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 40
10 17	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 19	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 26	Smith's Run	11 09
10 34	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:32 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points; arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:16 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south, and with the Pennsylvania R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford, and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. train No. 3 for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:00 a. m., 5:40 p. m. and 8:40 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. A. Chambers, Ticket Agt., Smethport.

A. G. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

In effect Dec. 27, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:54 a. m.—For Olean and intermediate stations, connecting with P. R. R. for points north.

12:00 m.—For Mt. Jewett and intermediate stations, arriving at Mt. Jewett, 12:50 p. m.

3:02 p. m.—For Angelica and intermediate stations, arriving at Angelica at 3:40 p. m.

7:30 p. m.—For St. Marys and intermediate stations, arriving at St. Marys at 9:20 p. m., connecting with P. R. R. for the east.

Trains arrive as follows: From St. Marys, 8:04 a. m. From Olean 12 m. and 7:30 p. m. From Mt. Jewett 4:15 p. m.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

C. COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward	STATIONS.	Lv Westward
A.M. A.M. P.M.	Ar. Dp.	A.M. P.M. A.M.
8.05 7.05 2.10	Ulysses	7.20 2.25 9.10
7.50 6.53 2.10	Crowell	7.27 2.32 9.19
7.46 " 1.57	Carpenter	" 2.34 9.22
7.40 6.48 1.53	Perkins	7.32 2.37 9.26
7.37 6.45 1.50	New'd Junc	7.37 2.42 9.32
" " 1.45	Newfield	7.41 2.46 "
7.05 6.36 1.41	Gold	7.44 2.49 9.40
7.00 6.30 1.35	Raymond	7.49 2.54 9.47
6.45 6.21 1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01 3.06 10.02
6.40 6.17 1.20	Colesburg	8.04 3.09 10.10
6.25 6.10 1.12	Frinks	8.12 3.17 10.20
6.15 " 1.05	N. Couds'pt	" 3.26 10.35
6.10 6.00 1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25 3.30 10.45
A.M. A.M. P.M.	Coudersport	P.M.
4.20 7.45 12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28 6.00 1.25
" 0 12.13	Hammond	0 0 0
4.05 7.38 12.09	Olmsted	8.33 6.05 1.31
3.59 7.35 12.05	Mina	8.37 6.10 1.37
3.45 " 11.59	Knowlton	" 6.25 "
3.40 7.25 11.55	Roulette	8.47 6.21 1.57
3.30 7.10 11.47	Burtville	8.54 6.38 2.01
3.23 " 11.41	Coleman	" 6.34 "
3.20 0 0	Chem. Wks	0 0 0
3.15 6.03 11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08 6.49 2.25
P.M. P.M. A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M. P.M. P.M.

0—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R'y. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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How the Race Was Won

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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It all began at the America's cup races in 1903 and ended two years later, in the fall of 1905. To be exact, it began at the very moment the winning boat, swelling white from deck to towering truck, swept across the line in a mist of flying spray and a thousand steam whistles burst into gigantic applause, announcing to a waiting world that the cup would stay on this side for at least another year.

It was at this instant that Miss Virginia Wentworth, her teeth flashing, her eyes glistening, her cheeks flaming, turned to Frank Stanhope and cried, with quick emotion: "Isn't it glorious? Oh, I could love a man who could carry off a prize like that!"

This remark was unwise unless Miss Wentworth wished to invite what followed, for no one had ever accused Stanhope of being backward where women were concerned. Besides, he was very much in love with Miss Wentworth. So he instantly turned, bent over the girl so that no one else might hear and whispered, "Will you love me if I carry it off, Virginia?" Whereupon Miss Wentworth, with a suddenly heightened color, turned quickly aside and made a remark to a girl companion.

But the question once asked had to be answered sooner or later. The time when it must be came the next afternoon in the disjointed intervals available between the departure of one guest who had dropped in on Miss Wentworth to get a cup of tea and the arrival of another who came for the same purpose.

Stanhope smiled down on her. "You remember what you said yesterday, don't you?" he asked.

Miss Wentworth blushed slightly. "Oh, yes," she said. "Wasn't it foolish? I was carried away by the moment and thought that I could love the man who defended the cup so splendidly."

"The Englishman has said that he will challenge again," he said slowly. "I shall build a yacht and defend the cup."

"But you are not a yachtsman."

"I shall become one if—"

"But you know how seasick you get when the water is rough."

"I'll get over it if—"

"I won't promise."

"I don't ask you to do so. But I do ask you to be with me when my yacht crosses the line a victor a year or two from now, and perhaps—perhaps the moment may carry you away again."

"Oh, you foolish boy!" But it was with a very tender look in her eyes that Miss Wentworth watched Stanhope as he went from the parlor.

An hour later he was closeted with Neil Burke, the famous yacht designer.

"You said once that you would do anything for my father's son, Mr. Burke," he was saying. "Now I'm going to claim your promise. I've got to defend the cup next time. To do so I must have a yacht that can defeat all other would be defenders and then can defeat the challenger, no matter how good it may be. Will you help me?"

"It's my business to do so," returned the designer, "and in this case it will be my pleasure as well."

Stanhope drew a long breath. "That's good," he said. "Spare no expense—none. I will spend my whole fortune if necessary to assure this victory."

The designer's face grew serious. He drew a sheet of paper toward him and began to figure. At last he threw down the pencil. "Stanhope," he said, "if you mean exactly what you say and if you are rich enough and have the nerve to risk it I can assure you of victory as certainly as any human event still in the future can be assured. But it will cost a great deal."

"Never mind the cost. I have the nerve, I believe, and I have the money—that is, I have anything within reason."

"Ah! But perhaps you'll think that this isn't in reason. Will—and can—you risk $7,000,000 on the race with the certainty of winning unless something altogether unforeseen should occur?"

"Seven millions! Great Cæsar! How can you possibly spend seven millions?"

"I said risk, not spend. And the risk will be very small. Nearly all of the money will be restored safe and sound—less the cost of the yacht, crew and so forth, say half a million. But the seven millions I must have in coin, or, better still, in bars of solid gold. Will you risk it?"

Drops of sweat stood on Stanhope's forehead. "Mr. Burke," he said, "I am reputed to be rich, and I am. I suppose the market value of my property is about ten millions. But in actual cash I am poor. I shall have to sell everything to get this gold. To sell in haste may cost me one-third of my fortune—certainly one-quarter, of it. Suppose I should not be able to raise seven millions, what then?"

"Oh, $8,000,000 or even $5,000,000 would do at a pinch," returned Mr. Burke nonchalantly. "Seven millions is best, but a less amount would almost certainly do as well."

"How soon do you want the money?"

"Eight or nine months from now will do."

"Very well, you shall have it. Now explain your plans to me." And under his breath Stanhope murmured, "I wonder whether this sort of thing is romantic enough to suit her?"

* * * * * * *

Two years passed away, and the date of the great international races was fast approaching. Marvelous tales had come from abroad regarding the performances of the Erin. The British had gone fairly wild over her, and their supreme confidence had had a depressing effect on this side of the water, where the new defender, the Virginia, had done nothing to show that she was greatly superior to the Columbia.

Stanhope had been readily admitted to the yacht club, and his boat, constructed by the famous old designer, had been accepted as the defender of the cup. Extraordinary pains had been taken to keep her lines secret. The shipyard where she was built had been guarded day and night by armed men, and she had been launched "in petticoats," which concealed her hull.

It was not until the day before that set for the first series of races that one of the sensational New York newspapers announced under scare heads that the Virginia, despite her enormous sail area, drew only fifteen feet of water; hence the paper deduced the alleged fact that if the wind reached a velocity of even twelve miles an hour the American boat would inevitably capsize.

The first two races went off splendidly for the Americans, the Virginia coming in a good five miles ahead of her rival in spite of the fact that the latter also showed phenomenal speed. By the morning of the third race the yachting world had settled down to the conviction that Mr. Burke had discovered some new principle of hull building.

The result of the third race seemed so absolutely certain that Stanhope invited Miss Wentworth and her chaperon to be on board during it. It was not in accordance with racing customs to have any one besides the officers and crew aboard at such a time, but the superiority of the Virginia was so evident that it seemed impossible for harm to result.

And none did result until after the race was won. As the Virginia glided smoothly across the line four miles ahead of her outclassed rival Stanhope turned to Miss Wentworth. "Are you carried away, Virginia?" he asked. The girl turned to him, joy in his triumph flushing in her face, but before she could answer a cry of terror arose. The excursion fleet, wild with excitement over the unprecedented triumph of the American, had broken through the guard lines. The next instant came a grinding crash, and the paddle wheel of a gigantic ferryboat went tearing across the yacht, ripping her stern to pieces and pushing her beneath the water.

The suddenness of the calamity added to its awfulness. One moment the beautiful vessel, with towering masts and bellying canvas, was there, the next only a confusion of broken timbers and struggling men.

As the boat went down like a stone Stanhope clasped Virginia in his arms and sprang overboard, and in a few moments they were picked up without sensible injury to either.

Putting Miss Wentworth under care of her friends, Stanhope hurried on board of the United States gunboat which had quickly dispersed the fleet and taken charge of the wreck. "Captain Edward," he exclaimed hoarsely, "I am Mr. Stanhope, owner of the Virginia. My entire fortune is in that yacht. She contains over $6,000,000 in gold."

"What!"

"Her keel is of solid gold. You read the story in the paper the other day stating that the Virginia drew only fifteen feet of water. Well, that was true. Gold is nearly twice as heavy as lead, a golden keel is only half the size of a leaden one, and its resistance to the water is far less. Consequently a boat with such a keel is much faster than one with the ordinary lead keel. I had to win this race, so I sold all my property and turned it into gold to make a keel for the Virginia. Will you stay here and protect the wreck until we can get the wrecking apparatus?"

"I will, sir; I will."

Three hours later the work on the yacht had proceeded far enough to make certain the safety of the gold, and Stanhope set off to the home of Miss Wentworth. There he found her none the worse for her cold bath.

"I asked my question at the proper time, Virginia," he said, "but the blundering of that boat robbed me of my answer. Did the moment carry you away?"

Shyly the girl looked up at him. "No," she said. "The moment didn't, but—I think that you did."

The Traveling Story Teller.

The profession of hakkawati, or story teller, is a calling officially recognized in oriental countries, and the fortunate possessor of the necessary gift is sure of a welcome and a livelihood wherever he goes.

"It is this man," says an authority on oriental customs, "who beyond all others relieves the monotony of eastern life. I have seen the Arabian hakkawati seated in the middle of a large crowd, with the firelight, throwing a ruddy glow over his mobile features, bring out clearly their varying expressions as he warms to his tale. The Arabs have a saying that smiles and tears are in the same khurig,' or twilel,' and so well does the real hakkawati know his business that hour after hour he can make his dark skinned audience shake with laughter or sob in sympathy with the woes of some imaginary heroine, or shiver and feel for their daggers, ready to spring to their feet to avenge some dastardly act of cruelty. No 'dime novel' of the western world could be more thrilling than is this legendary fiction of the people of the far east."

THE ANGLER FISH.

It Secures Its Prey Like an Artist, With Regular Strategy.

There is a fish that secures its prey like an artist, with regular strategy, and, strange to relate, nature has furnished it with a full equipment for the purpose—rod, line and bait. The angler, as it is called, is by no means a beauty. It is about a yard long and has a huge, toadlike head, an enormous, gaping mouth and a formidable array of teeth. The first dorsal, or back fin, is almost wholly wanting, its place being occupied by two or three long, slender, movable spines which are fastened to the body by means of joints. One is attached by a hinge which permits of only backward and forward motion.

The first spine is connected by a regular ring and staple and admits of movement in all directions, as it is pulled this way or that by the muscles. This is the angler's pole, which continues into a fine filament or line, and at the end there is a loose, shining slip of membrane which plays the part of a bait.

The angler fish is a slow swimmer, and it would have but little success if it had to chase the swift, active fishes upon which it feeds, so it snares them. Partially hiding itself in the mud or sand, it waves its long filaments with their glittering tips. As is well known, fishes are attracted by glistening objects moved about in the water. The neighboring fishes, following the instincts of their inquisitive nature, come to examine the curious object, and suddenly they find themselves snapped up in the wide jaws of their hidden foe.

The angler is a very voracious creature, and on several occasions it has been known to seize a fish that had been hooked and was being drawn to the surface. In one such case the angler seized a codfish and would not loosen its grip until it was struck on the head with a boat hook. On another occasion the fish fell a victim to its own gluttony, for, having dashed at a conger eel that had just been hooked and having taken it into its mouth, the eel contrived to escape through one of the gill apertures, and thus it was the unconscious means of involving its captor in its own fate.

Even the cork floats on lines and nets have been swallowed by the greedy fish, and when taken in a net it devours its fellow prisoners with perfect unconcern.

Mechanical Reading.

Edith Wharton writes: The mechanical reader, as he always reads unconsciously, knows exactly how much he reads and will tell you with the pride of the careful housekeeper who has calculated to within half an ounce the daily consumption of food in her household. As the housekeeper is not to go to market every day at a certain hour, so the mechanical reader has often a fixed time for laying in his intellectual stores, and not infrequently he reads for just so many hours a day. The statement in one of Hamerton's youthful diaries, "I shall now commence a course of practical reading, beginning with fifty hours of Chaucer, and, as I gave him one and one-half hours last night, it leaves me exactly forty-eight and one-half," is a good example of this kind of reading.

Time Crazy Moscow.

Moscow seems to be a city where nobody knows with any degree of certainty what time it is. Arthur Symons in his book on "Cities" says that no two clocks in Moscow agree. Even in the best hotels a clock will solemnly strike 3 a quarter of an hour before its neighbor strikes 7. The confusion is increased by the fashion of sticking up dummy clocks in the streets as advertisements. The maddening moment comes when you have to catch a train at Moscow. The railway time clocks are worked on St. Petersburg time, which differs by half an hour from Moscow time. When you are told that the St. Petersburg express leaves at 9 o'clock you are in doubt as to whether it leaves at 8:30, 9 or 9:30 by your carefully adjusted watch.

"All Hands Black Faces."

One of the most curious orders given in the British royal navy is, "All hands black faces!" And in order that this may be adequately fulfilled each of our warships carries among its stores a supply of such pigment as is used for the same purpose on the stage. This order is only given during the maneuvers as a rule, for when a night surprise is intended it is not only the vessels that are made as little visible as possible, but the faces of the men must be blackened, for when powerful night glasses are used the showing of a white face is far more palpable than any landsman would suppose.—London Standard.

One or Two Monkeys.

The story of a telegram, which was transposed from "200 leviathans" to "200 live cats," reminds a correspondent of the London Globe of an incident said to have occurred some years ago. An Italian gentleman sent to a friend in Africa for "one or two monkeys," or, as it was written in the language of Rome, "1 o 2 monkeys." By next mail he received a note saying that eighty-five had been dispatched, and the remainder should follow by another boat.

Cheering Him Up.

A man who is lying in bed very ill with pneumonia. To him entered a friend. "Ah," said the friend, "the doctor says you're going to die tonight. Don't you believe it. You won't die till tomorrow night. Got pneumonia, eh? Do you remember Smith?" "Yes." "He died of pneumonia yesterday. Do you remember Jones?" "Yes." "He died of pneumonia too. Well, I must go now, but I'll come and cheer you up again tomorrow."

HER FIRST PROPOSAL

By KEITH GORDON

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It was the softest of spring days, and Mowbray and Miss Farrar strolled through the greenery of the park with the languid abstraction born of the first warm weather and a friendship of several years' standing. Though their eyes drank in the beauty of the scene about them—the great stretches of greensward, the trees and bushes that were bursting into the tender green of the season as into a sort of silent song—neither of them was thinking of it.

Miss Farrar, indeed, was living over other days inevitably brought back by the warm breeze and the smell of growing things—other springtimes when life meant only the beautiful possibility of love. And Mowbray, was thinking of her and wondering if by any chance it would be worth while to tell her, for in spite of her unquestionable attractiveness he could not help feeling that he would find it hard to look into those calm, clear eyes and talk of love. Yet he was neither cowardly nor inexperienced. He simply had a natural shrinking from being regarded with suppressed amusement by the woman he loved. And in her apparent immunity from such emotions that was what he feared. She would in all probability only launch her light, frank laugh and say, "Nonsense, Clark; don't be silly!"

He sent a speculative glance toward her as she walked beside him looking off into the distance with the preoccupied air of a woman whose whole mind was given to some engrossing and persistent thought.

"Let us sit for awhile," she proposed as they reached the top of a knoll, where, under a solitary tree, a bench invited relaxation. Suiting the action to the word, she seated herself comfortably with her elbows placed defiantly on the back of the bench, an attitude peculiar to her aggressive moods and one which Mowbray had learned to recognize as premonitory of an intention to talk things out to a finish. He wondered what it would be this time, for he had long since dropped into his role of mentor.

He waited patiently, with eyes that roved carelessly over the mansions on the far side of Fifth avenue, which in turn sent back a well tired stare, knowing that her feelings would soon reach the point of overflow. At last she broke the silence.

"Do I look to you like a person selected by fate to be distinguished among women disagreeably distinguished, I mean?" she demanded, turning toward him with a directness which challenged a truthful answer. He regarded her in a manner intended to convey that he was making an expert examination.

"No," he admitted, "I can't say that you do—that is"— He stopped rather vaguely.

"Oh, now—don't try to soften the truth," she interrupted quickly. "I'm after facts, and I am not going to lay anything you may say up against you."

"I haven't the least idea what it is about, but I am glad that there is going to be no animosity," Mowbray observed politely. Then he settled himself to listen. It was one of his virtues that he never missed his cue.

Her next words came out rather abruptly.

"I'm not especially plain, do you think?"

Her tone was deprecating, but she turned her face toward him in a manner as impersonal as if she were calling his attention to the landscape. Then she continued impartially:

"That is, I suppose I would be classed as 'fair to middling.'"

He nodded assent with a gleam of mischief in his eye.

"To tell you the truth"—her tone had dropped into the personal, confidential key—"I'm not at all conceited about my looks, but I've always flattered myself that I am rather interesting."

The statement ended with a rising inflection which made it a question, and it was evident that she was awaiting his decision with some anxiety.

"Rather interesting, I think we may say," he agreed suavely.

"And I'm sure I'm affectionate and fairly good tempered and—and"—

Mowbray encouraged her by a nod.

"and domestic."

"I shall have to take your word for that."

"Well, I am domestic. I know I am! So I want you to explain to me"—her voice was growing tumultuous—"but first promise on your honor that you'll never tell—how it is that I've reached the age of thirty-three without ever having had a proposal."

Mowbray threw himself back and roared, while her arms came down on the bench and she dropped her face upon her hands and sat looking at him with the puzzled air of a pupil at the feet of a master.

"When you've done laughing," she began with dignity.

"Pardon, dear, a thousand pardons!" He had never called her that before, and there was something in his voice which bespoke a new hope and confidence, but she was too engrossed in her pursuit of self knowledge to notice.

"I forgot to say that I'm sensible. Men always like that, you know. Anyway, they pretend to."

She finished in a way that suggested that she had her doubt of their sincerity. With a mighty effort her companion swallowed his mirth and prepared to face the situation with her.

"Is it because you haven't wanted any one to ask you?" he inquired diplomatically.

"No, indeed!"

"And no man has ever told you that he loved you?" he murmured in a thoughtful tone. "Strange!"

"Well—now—I didn't say just that, you know!"

There was a faint suspicion of a blush on Miss Farrar's smooth cheeks, but her glance met Mowbray's with its usual unswerving honesty.

"Men have told me that they loved me—several of them! But that's not a proposal, you know, any more than it's a purchase when I say that I adore a string of pearls at Tiffany's!"

"A-a-h!"

The ejaculation was full of enlightenment. Mowbray was beginning at last to understand things that had always puzzled him, as his next question showed.

"Would it be impertinent to ask how you have received these declarations?"

"Why, I just listened! You see, it's embarrassing. It makes one feel so terribly conscious."

"What about the man?" Mowbray asked quietly. "Doesn't it occur to you that perhaps he might need a little encouragement—that perhaps he might be a trifle conscious too?"

For a moment there was silence between them. The point of view was utterly new to Miss Farrar, and she was obviously impressed by it.

"I never thought of that," she admitted slowly. "I thought that sort of thing was so in a man's line—his metier." She laughed a bit ruefully.

A squirrel darted swiftly across the grass and, turning its head jauntily to one side, fixed a bright, inquiring eye upon them. Then, with a saucy wave of its tail, it scurried away.

"I have it," said Mowbray. "I have it! Learn from the squirrel! Lightness, airiness, coquettishness! Don't you see what I mean?" And he looked at her tensingly.

But she was not to be diverted. "I am serious," she assured him. "There's always a reason for everything, and there must be a reason for this. There's Alice Nixon. She's not so awfully pretty. I heard her say that she had had nineteen proposals!" Miss Farrar's voice was touched with awe. Then a skeptical thought seized her. "Still, she's from the south!" she added, and her tone implied that no allowance should be made for the fact.

Mowbray bit his lip.

"Then there's her sister—just an ordinarily nice girl—follows with fifteen. Marion Pierce owns up to a dozen, and Beth Garratt—dear, homely Beth—acknowledges six! I asked her because I specially wanted to find out. Perhaps you can imagine how queer it makes me feel."

"What do you say upon such occasions?" demanded Mowbray, watching the squirrel that was again eying them from a distance.

There was a palpable pause before Miss Farrar replied. But at last her straightforwardness prevailed.

"Sometimes I shake my head and look rather shocked. Then they think that I disapprove of such conversations—think I'm noble, you know! At other times I laugh and say, 'I have never had one!' in a tone which implies just the reverse."

She finished this confession and looked at Mowbray out of the corner of her eyes in a way that drove the last vestige of fear out of his mind. This naive woman, the person whose dignity and coldness he had stood aloof from in absolute embarrassment for so long! He could have laughed at the absurdity of it. Why had she never shown him her real self before?

"I think I shall propose to you," he remarked deliberately.

For a second she looked surprised, and then her eyes danced.

"Let it be in your best style," she pleaded. "Remember, it's my first, and I fear it may be my last too!"

He leaned toward her and looked straight into her eyes.

"It will be your last, undoubtedly." His voice was low and tense. For a long moment he looked at her—looked in a way that first made her small ears burn and then troubled her clear gaze, which wavered and fell.

"I love you, dear," he said simply, "and I think you know the rest. Tell me that you do."

Her cheeks were hot and her lips trembled. A strong hand reached out and took hers in a masterful way, and she suddenly knew that something which she had never even dreamed—was true.

"But I asked you!" she moaned when at last she recovered something of her wonted serenity. "I positively asked you!"

"You encouraged me," he corrected, "and that's what they usually do, only your method was brutally direct."

It was when she began to flush again that he added, "I shall always have something to tease you about, dearest."

And the squirrel, which had been watching them in the lingering hope that they might possibly have brought him nuts, like sensible people, gave up in disgust and scurried away.

Fontenelle's Presence of Mind.

The distinguished French author Fontenelle, was fond of asparagus cooked in butter. Cardinal Dubois was equally in love with the vegetable served with white sauce.

Being once invited to dine together at the house of a friend the effort was made to gratify the palates of both by preparing half the asparagus with butter and half with white sauce. While the preparations were in progress the news was brought in that the cardinal was dead.

Fontenelle did not wait a moment. Rushing to the door of the kitchen, he cried to the chef: "Jean, Jean! You may cook all the asparagus in butter."

NAPOLEON'S AMBITION

Even as a Child He Was Fearful to Be a Commander.

Even as a child Napoleon Bonaparte showed evidence of the power he was to make him one of the great commanders that the world has known. His mother often told the following anecdote of his early boyhood. He was, in fact, no more than seven years old when it occurred:

"One night he was walking in the garden meditatively. It was rainy and violently. His brothers had sought shelter in the house, where they were playing. I knocked at the window several times and made him signs to come in to me. He shrugged his shoulders with an appearance of ill humor and continued his walk. He was drenched, but he did not mind the storm and continued his walk, with his head uncovered and his eyes fixed on the ground. Sometimes he stopped before the little fountain in the garden and appeared to delight in seeing it run and to arrest its precipitancy with his hand. Some claps of thunder were heard, which caused him a nervous shudder, but it did not seem to be fear. He then crossed his arms over his chest and looked at the heavens, courageously waiting for another peal of thunder. I sent my servant to order him to come in. Napoleon said to him, with coldness, but respectfully, 'Tell my mother that it is warm and I am taking an airing.' When the servant again entreated he turned his back on him and quickened his step. It was only when the storm had ceased that he came in, wet to the skin.

"'That was not right, my child,' I said to him. 'You have disobeyed me.'

"'I could not help disobeying you,' he answered. 'I do not know what kept me in the garden, but if I am to be a soldier I must accustom myself to rains and to storms. I am not a girl. I am a man.'

"'You are a child, my son, and a disobedient child. If you intend to be a soldier you will learn that it is necessary for you to obey.'

"'But I will command,' said he, with an expression that made us laugh.

"'Before you command,' I replied, 'you will be compelled to obey, and for a long time. When you enter the service you will not be a general.'

"He advanced toward me, took my hand in his and pressed it, thus tacitly acknowledging that I was right, but not willing to confess it. Already at that age he was so proud.

"'What were you thinking about, during your walk?' I said to him, while I pressed my lips to his wet hair.

"'I do not know. I do not remember. I was thinking of a great many things. All I was endeavoring to recollect a dream I had last night, a dream that pleases me very much. I dreamed that I was a bishop. That is grand, is it not? Do bishops go to the wars?'

"'No, my child. That is expressly forbidden them.'

"'Then I will be a soldier when I am no longer a child. At fifteen you are no longer a child, are you, mother?'

"'I think you are something of a child still.'

"He paused a few moments and, looking on the ground, said, 'At fifteen I will be a man.'

"He then freed himself from my arms and ran into the garden."

What Pigs Can Be Taught.

Owing to its obstinacy and seeming stupidity the pig is usually classed among the dull animals. This, however, is not a just estimate of its intelligence. "Learned" pigs that could pick out letters of the alphabet have been exhibited at fairs. Throw a pig into deep water, and it will begin swimming ashore at once, which is more than most men are able to do.

In France they have been trained to hunt for truffles (which are hidden underground) and to draw the plow. They have even been taught to act as pointers. In most cases they are trained by means of reward for success. In pointing, for example, when they blunder they get a stone, but if, when they spot the bird, they drop their tail and ears and sink on their knees and do not rise until after the bird has risen they are rewarded with pudding.

The Best Water.

A writer in Vim does not think highly of mineral waters. He says: "The best water is the water containing the least mineral matter in it. The nearer you can come to getting absolutely pure water (H_2O) to drink the more easy it will be to keep in good health. The simplest form in which absolutely pure water is found is in rain. And rainwater collected from off a clean surface and stored in a clean reservoir is as good as anything one can find. The best substitute for rainwater is good distilled water. In fact, distilled water may be somewhat preferable, as it is not subject to accidental contamination in the many ways rainwater is. To argue that absolutely pure water is not healthful is equal to saying that the addition of pollution improves it—a proposition that will not stand the test of hard common sense."

Where the Octopus Is Eaten.

The octopus is very largely used as an article of food in southern Italy. Its long tentacles are cut transversely, so that when served at table they have the appearance of rings. The fish, when taken by day, are lured from the crevices of the rocks by a piece of red flannel at the end of a bamboo, which they attempt to grasp, and they are then speared with a trident. At night an iron cradle with a bright flame of resinous wood is fixed to the bows of the boat. This attracts the fish and leads him to his doom. These fires are now being entirely superseded by acetylene gas, and the catches are so enormous as to threaten the octopus with destruction.

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BEING A BOHEMIAN

By Helen Rowland

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Dorothy Brockway ran gayly up the steps to the first class passenger coach as it stood in the Richmond depot.

"Ta, ta!" she called gayly to a big fellow who stood beside the coach. "Bye bye, Teddy," and with a pretty little movement she blew a kiss to the waiting man, then disappeared within the door of the train.

The man lifted his hat solemnly. Then he strode away with a quiet, hurt look in his eyes, not even waiting to see the merry face that peered out of the window as the train panted and puffed out of the station.

"Oh, brace up, Morrison! This won't do. There's no use sinking a mute of yourself for any fool girl who doesn't half appreciate you."

"You don't know anything about it," And Terry Morrison walked off, leaving the man who had been trying to cheer him up standing where he was, a little chagrined and a bit sorry for the big fellow.

As the train whizzed past the outskirts of the city Dorothy Brockway stretched out her arms and drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Free, free, free!" she breathed in a passionate whisper and leaned back in the seat with a wonderful smile in her eyes and deep, joyous satisfaction permeating her whole being. "No more mammas! No more Teddy! No more chaperons! No more tea parties!" she went on. "Just fun and work and do as I please and be bohemian. Oh, how I hate it all! Mamma's conventionalities, Teddy's bossing—dear old Ted! How broken up he looked!"—And some of the merriment faded from her eyes.

It was dusk as her train steamed into Jersey City and the tall skyscrapers on Park row were sending forth a million twinkling lights that streamed over the water. Dorothy looked about her a little bewildered, but made her way hurriedly to the gates, followed by a fat porter who carried her grips. Through the bars she spied a smiling pair of eyes, and Corinne Morrison came to meet her with an amused look on her face.

"You dear little idiot," said Corinne as she kissed her and led the way to the ferryboat. "You absurd little greenie! Why on earth did you leave my good and glorious brother to come up to this seething caldron? Why didn't you stay at home and marry him and get supported for the rest of your life?"

"Connie," said Dorothy severely, "you don't know what it is to be bossed and bossed and bossed. I want to be bohemian!"

There was a queer little light in Corinne's eyes as she answered: "All right, dear, we'll begin right away. Come, we'll take a street car instead of a cab. It wouldn't be bohemian to take a cab, you know. Bohemians are all poor. I'm a bohemian."

"But—but—all these bags!" And Dorothy looked helplessly at the pile of leather satchels beside her.

"They aren't bohemian either." And Corinne relentlessly led the way to the car, tugging two satchels, while Dorothy followed helplessly with the rest.

Three-quarters of an hour later they were wearily climbing the stairs to Corinne's studio. Up one long flight up two, up three! Dorothy sat down in a heap on the dirty floor to rest.

"Connie, is your studio in heaven?"

"Yes, when I sell anything. Come along, girly; you'll get there. It merely requires perseverance." And one more flight brought the two to a battered door in a dirty hall, smelling of mold and dampness. Corinne took out her latchkey and unlocked the door.

"Oh, how glorious!" sighed Dorothy "to carry your own latchkey!"

"Delightful!" And Corinne's voice was a bit ironical.

Just three weeks later Dorothy rolled over wearily in her automatic combination bed and folding couch that did duty by day as an "oriental corner" with a lot of gaudy pillows piled upon it.

"Connie," she said tragically, "do you know just how much money I have between me and the cold, cold world? Just $15! And I haven't sold a single thing I've written, and, Connie, is there anything else in Bohemia besides work and disappointment and editors who won't see you?"

"Yes," said Connie doubtfully, "I believe there are the Hungarian restaurants. You need cheering up, girly. We'll do a Hungarian restaurant to-night. I'll telephone two of the boys from Park row to meet us somewhere and we'll go to Martinetti's."

"Meet us? Meet us? Can't they call for us here?"

"Why, no," and Corinne turned reproachful eyes on Dorothy. "They are newspaper men, you know, and can only steal an hour or so from the office. Besides, that would be awful conventional. No, not that low cut frock, goosie. Pick out your plainest shirt waist if you're going slumming with me."

Dorothy set her teeth firmly and smiled away the little frown that had begun to cloud her forehead.

The tweezy orchestra was playing the latest air from a popular comic opera as Dorothy Brockway, followed by Corinne and the two newspaper men, in their morning clothes, entered the third rate bohemian cafe. The lights flashed on a hundred women in gaudy gowns, wearing every color and variety of hat. Jewels, real and paste, twinkled under the chandeliers, and the fumes from a hundred cigarettes rose to heaven. Some college boys were singing "Bola, Bola!" totally oblivious of time and tune, and were pounding on the table with their forks in wild applause at their own jokes.

"How do you like it?" asked Corinne as they took their seats.

"It's choky," said Dorothy noncommittally.

"What do you take?" asked one of the men, looking at Dorothy.

"Why—why—oh, anything. I think I'd like a chocolate frappe."

A loud laugh from the other three greeted this remark.

"Bring us four Martinis to start with," said Reggie Cutting to the waiter, who wore a soiled collar and a cutaway.

Dorothy looked at Corinne apprehensively.

"Are Martinis cocktails," she asked shyly, "because if they are I've never tasted one?"

Just then one of the college boys arose, looked around and blew a kiss toward Corinne and Dorothy.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "in the presence of a lady who has just declared that she never before tasted a cocktail I blush to remark"—

"Oh, oh, I'm going home this minute!" said Dorothy, rising and looking about her with misty eyes and cheeks burning with mortification.

"Sit down, Dolly," whispered Corinne. "He doesn't mean anything. Sit down and don't notice him. Here's your cocktail."

That is all that Dorothy ever remembered of that horrible evening. The next morning she stood before the washstand, miserably, towel in hand.

"Connie, Connie, this water's so cold, and I can't find any soap, and haven't you got anything but a tin basin to wash in?"

"Other's broken," came cheerfully from the inner recesses of a closet.

"Oh, my head!" said Dorothy, sinking down on the hard pillows of the "take" couch. "Oh, my head! How could you make me drink that cocktail—and the table and everything went around and—oh, Connie, I'm sick yet. I'll never touch another—and what would Teddy say?"

"Oh, he'd just be bossy and particular about it. You'll get used to Bohemia after awhile. Are you tired of it already?" And Corinne glanced oddly at Dorothy.

"I'm tired of something. My last story came back by the post this morning, declined with thanks, and I've tried the last place I know of for a position on a staff. Why, there aren't any positions here. And everybody's such an atom in New York, and editors don't take off their hats when you go to see them, but just keep right on smoking their pipes, and in their shirt sleeves too. Oh, my head," and Dorothy was sobbing violently in half a minute.

"Dorothy Brockway, if you muss that pillow up I'll make you pay for it. It's my best, so you just stop your crying on it right away."

Dorothy arose with a sudden gulp, and glared at her companion.

"You're a cold, hard hearted, coarse person!" she said, with blazing eyes, "and I'm going back home tomorrow."

Two days later Mr. Ted Morrison sat in his office in the afternoon sunshine looking over the mail which had just come in. His hat was pushed back from his forehead, showing a fine head of curly brown hair. He was laughing softly and reading over for the third time two letters he had just received.

The first ran in this vein:

Dearest Teddy—Meet me tomorrow at the station, 6 p. m. I'm coming home forever and ever. New York is the most uninteresting place I have ever been in. Publishers up here aren't a bit interested in young talents. They seem to be anxious, above all things, to nip it in the bud. Socially, New York is degrading. People do nothing but wash in tin basins, drink cocktails and live in attics. You dear, darling old boy! I am just longing to come home and cry it all out on your coat lapel. Your penitent DOROTHY.

The other letter was quite different in purport. It ran thus:

Dear Ted—I've done the very best I could for you, and you owe me that $100 you promised me if I'd send her back. I followed her about and persuaded every publisher who might be inclined to look favorably upon her work to turn it coldly and peremptorily down. I took her to the meanest restaurant I knew of and made her drink a cocktail. I even persuaded Reggie Cutting to be rude to her. All O. K. She leaves in the morning. Remember the hundred. Your affectionate sister,

CONNIE.

Dangerous Information.

Eliza is an old retainer in a certain Philadelphia family, for whom she has labored many years. The children of the family have grown to regard her with mingled awe and fear, all but Tom, the youngest, who is now eight years old. In spite of her dominant sway, says the Philadelphia Record, Eliza is very unsophisticated.

She was horrified to learn that Tom had discovered the whereabouts of her wealth, for she had been putting away her savings for years and had about $600 in the savings fund.

Tom and some of his small cronies wanted a nickel to spend for candy, but all the mothers were out.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Tom. "I'll borrow 5 cents from our Eliza. She's got lots of money."

"Aw," exclaimed the inevitable pessimist, "she ain't got any money!"

"She has," replied Tom. "She's got a lot of money in a bank downtown next to Williams' candy shop."

Eliza chanced to hear this remark, and she rushed out into the yard, sent the other boys home, clutched Tom by the collar and started to read him a lecture on the value of prudence.

"Never tell that again!" she said earnestly. "Suppose a burglar had been round and heard you say that? Where would I be? Why, if he knew all that money was there he'd go right to the bank, break in and steal it!"

He Was Warned.

"They say," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Mr. Faddlethwaite, who used to belong to our church, has become an agnostic."

"Is that so?" Josiah used to take his lunch at the same place he did downtown, and he says he often warned him that he'd get it if he didn't give up eatin' so fast."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In the Way.

"In our house we follow William Morris' teaching," she said. "We have nothing that is of no use."

"But that always makes a house look so bare."

"I know it. But, then, we have four children."—Syracuse Journal.

LYCEUM THEATRE,

SATURDAY, FEB. 20th,

THE BEAUTY DOCTOR,

THE BRIGHTEST, BEST, MOST BRILLIANT

MUSICAL COMEDY

NOW BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

PRICES: = 50, 75, $1.00, $1.50.

Seats on Sale at Wells' Drug Store on Saturday, Feb. 13th.

TRAFFIC IN SLAVES.

The Way Sales Are Conducted In the Marrakesh Market.

In his article on "The Slave Market of Marrakesh" in Harper's Magazine S. L. Bensusan gives a vivid picture of this terrible traffic, which goes on unproved by the Moroccan government. He thus describes the beginning of the sale as follows:

"The crowd at the entrance parts to the right and left to admit twelve grave men wearing white turbans and jellabias. They are the delals, or auctioneers, and the sales about to begin.

"Slowly and impressively the delals advance in a line to the center of the slave market, almost up to the arcade where the wealthy buyers sit expectant. Then the head auctioneer lifts up his voice, and—oh, hideous mockery of it all—he prays.

"Now each delal has his people sorted out, and the procession begins. Followed by his bargains, he marches round and round the market, and I understand why the dust was laid before the procession commenced. Some of the slaves are absolutely free from emotion of any sort. They move round as stolidly as the blindfolded horses that work the water wheels in gardens beyond the town. Others feel their position.

"'Twenty-one dollars—twenty-one!' cries the delal at whose heels the one young and pretty woman who has not found a buyer limps painfully. She is from the western Sudan, and her big eyes have the terror stricken look that reminds me of a hare that was run down by the hounds a few yards from me on the marshes near my country home last winter.

"'Why is the price so low?' I ask.

"'She is sick,' says the Moor coolly. 'She cannot work. Perhaps she will not live. Who will give more in such a case?'"

THE BROKEN VIOLIN.

An Incident of the Childhood of the Master Ole Bull.

Ole Ball, the great violinist, was born with a genius for music. To him the swaying of bluebells, the wind and rain and waterfalls, the music of birds and bees—all these were the voices of nature, and he tried to reproduce them on his violin.

It is said that the musician's first violin was given him by an uncle when he was but four years old, and his delight at the present knew no bounds.

"My father wanted me to be a minister," said he in telling the story many years after, "and I thought I must do as he wished. But when I was eight years old he bought me a new violin and arranged to have me study under a teacher, for, he said, 'a minister ought to know a little about music.' That night I could not sleep. I rose in the night to get a peep at the precious violin. It was so red, and the pretty pearl screws did smile at me so! I pinched the strings just a little with my fingers, and it smiled at me more and more. I took up the bow and looked at it. It said to me it would be pleased to have me try it across the strings. So I did try it just a very, very little, and it did play so softly. I forgot that it was midnight and everybody asleep, and the next minute I felt my father's whip across my shoulders. My little red violin dropped on the floor and was broken. I did weep very much for it, but it did no good. They did have a doctor to it the next day, but it never recovered its health."—Detroit Free Press.

A Mistaken Delusion.

Dean Pigou tells the following story of a brilliant Irish who lost his mind temporarily through overwork and was confined in an English asylum. His delusion was that his stomach was full to repletion of rats. There was no room for anything else. Hood said to me, 'Go and talk with him and lead up to the subject of rats.' I found him, as is very common, perfectly sane on every subject but this. After some conversation I said to him, feigning not to know what he was: 'You seem to be a very well informed man. Have you given your attention to natural history, because I notice that the question is being discussed as to whether the species of the genus rat called the Norwegian still exists?' Instantly he replied, 'Oh, certainly,' and unbuttoning his dress, said, 'Every known species of rat, sir, is here in my stomach,' and, localizing the rat with his finger, said: 'Here in this part of my stomach is a Norwegian rat. You can assure your friends that as long as I am alive no species can die.' Under the kind and humane treatment of Bethlehem he was soon at work again and had, of course, no recollection of his delusion."

Another One.

"You say some very sharp things," he remarked.

"You give me some splendid opportunities," she replied.—Chicago Post.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1904,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Being thirty-eight (38) acres off the east end of a larger tract of land conveyed to J. N. Hayes by J. C. Duke and wife by Deed dated July 1st, 1893. Subject to all the conditions, exceptions and reservations contained in the said Deed, reference being had thereto as to the oil right and the right to operate for oil thereon. Said lands being bounded on the north by lands of H. S. Baker and Clark and Baker; on the east by land by L. Beckwith; on the south by lands formerly of N. I. Taylor, and on the west by lands of J. N. Hayes, being the same lands conveyed by J. N. Hayes and wife to David Harper by deed dated July 9th, 1889, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, on the 20th day of July, A. D. 1889, in Deed Book Vol. 99, page 178, and the same land conveyed to Francis George Harper by David Harper and wife by deed dated January 3rd, 1899, and recorded in Deed Book Vol. 191 at page 187, &c., and by said Francis George Harper and wife conveyed to John Griffith by deed dated April 15th, 1899, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, in Deed Book Vol. 193, page 72, &c., and being same this day conveyed by said John Griffith and wife to Charles H. Phillips by deed dated October 2nd, 1901, to be forthwith recorded.

Mostly improved and having thereon one one and a half story frame dwelling house and two frame barns.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles H. Phillips, deft., and Milton Spaulding, T. T., at the suit of John Griffith.

W. E. Burdick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain parcel or tract of land situated in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post at the western corner of Park and Jefferson streets; thence southerly along Jefferson street one hundred feet; thence west two hundred (200) feet; thence northerly parallel to Jefferson street one hundred (100) feet to Park St.; thence east along Park street forty feet to place of beginning. Containing four thousand (4000) square feet more or less; being the same land conveyed by Augustus W. Newell and wife to the said Lettie Knox by deed dated November 6, 1899, recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of said County of McKean in Deed Book Volume 99 at page 88.

Improved and having thereon one two story and attic frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Lettie Knox and O. A. Knox at the suit of Emilo Castian.

O. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of land of Arthur Young No. 91; thence west 22 perches to the road; thence north 9 degrees west 86 4 perches, north 65 degrees west 99 perches to a post corner on the east line of land of David G. Rogers, No. 181; thence north 97 8 perches to a post corner; thence east 150 perches to a post corner; thence south 148 8 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 100 acres and being lot No. 12 of Keating & Co. allotment of lands in said township, and part of Warrant No. 2067.

Along 75 acres improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, one large frame barn, a good orchard and well watered.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William Gill, at the suit of Byron D. Hamlin.

John Forrest, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain lot of land situate in Bradford City, McKean County, Pennsylvania, to-wit: Lot known as the north part of Lot No. 189, Whitney & Wheeler's addition to Bradford City, as per survey and plot of Leander Gorton, 1877 & 1878, having forty-one (41) feet front on west side of Water street, and running back to the Tunungwant Creek.

Improved and having thereon one one and a half story frame dwelling house, one-two and a half story frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Also—A lot of land situate in the Sixth Ward of Bradford City, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the point where the north line of the right of way of the Olean, Bradford and Warren Railroad Company intersects the line of the east side of land of C. D. Longfellow (formerly Peterson lot); thence following said east line in a northeasterly course until said east line meets the west bounds of land of C. C. Melvin; thence by a line due north far enough so that said line will strike the lands of the Producers Consolidated Land and Petroleum Company; thence by land of said Producers Consolidated Land and Petroleum Company in a southerly direction two hundred and forty-two feet to the north line of the right of way of the Olean, Bradford and Warren R. Road Company; thence by said north line of said right of way, west one hundred and eighty feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, one frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. L. Goodman and Abe Goodman at the suit of The Commissioners of McKean County, now for use of the County of McKean.

Mullin & Mullin, T. F. Mullin, Plaintiffs' Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYO, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Feb. 4, 1904.

FOR SALE!

6 only fine blooded pigs 4 weeks old Feb. 19, $3.00 each.

2 only, large English Yorkshire sows, 6 months, can be registered if you wish in pig to thoroughbred O. I. C., $25.00.

6 only, Chester white sows in pig 6 months old served to O. I. C., $15.00 each.

A. E. Stickles,

East Smethport, Pa.

Arithmetic

1. Find the interest on $3,180 for 1 yr. 5 mo. 15 ds. at 8%. 2. How many board feet in 50 pcs 8x9—16.

We will give three prizes for the shortest complete solutions. First prize, large arithmetic; second, cash $1; third, cash 50c. Open to all pupils of any school. Give age, name and address, with full solution and mail to Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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All legal business attended to promptly.

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Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.), situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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Thomas H. Morrison,
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All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

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PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 310 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

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Office over J. W. Voorhees' Drug Store. Calls answered promptly day or night. Bell Phone.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women.
Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
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Hotels.

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWEEL HOUSE,
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Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
C. S. KING, PROPRIETOR.

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F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its appointments. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PENNA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The table's are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

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The Finest and most complet line of
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ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.
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